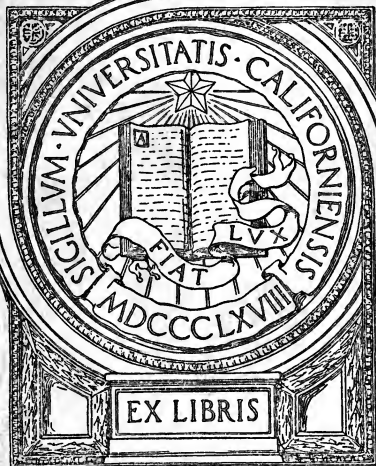


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*Thomas Campbell*

THE  
**POETICAL WORKS**

OF

**THOMAS CAMPBELL.**

Comprising

**SEVERAL PIECES NOT CONTAINED IN ANY FORMER  
EDITION.**

To which is prefixed

**A REVISED AND IMPROVED BIOGRAPHICAL  
SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR,**

**BY A GENTLEMAN OF NEW-YORK.**

## Case B

District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

\*\*\*\*\* BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the seven-  
Seal. \*teenth day of March, in the thirty-ninth year of  
\*\*\*\*\* the Independence of the United States of Ame-  
rica, A. D. 1815, Edward Earle, of the said district, hath  
deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof  
he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell. Compris-  
ing several Pieces not contained in any former edi-  
tion; to which is prefixed a revised and improved  
Biographical Sketch of the Author, by a gentleman  
of New-York."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United  
States, intituled, "An act for the encouragement of learn-  
ing, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to  
the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times  
therein mentioned."—And also to the act, entitled, "An act  
supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encou-  
ragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts,  
and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies  
during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the  
benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and  
etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,  
Clerk of the District of Pennsylvania.

*Edward Earle*  
*Author*

6-PR4410  
A2  
1815  
MAIN

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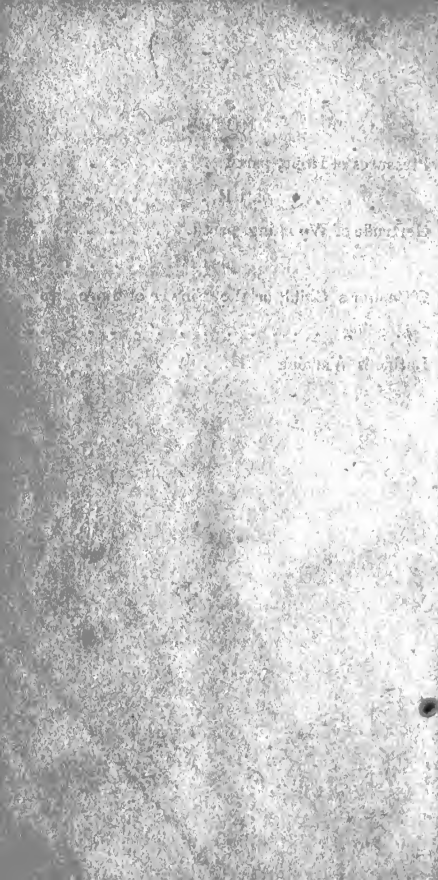
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**BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH**

**OF THE**

**AUTHOR.**





## **BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH**

**OF THE**

**AUTHOR.**

**I**T has long been deplored by authors as a lamentable truth, that they seldom receive impartial justice from the world, while living. The grave seems to be the ordeal to which their names must be subjected, and from whence, if worthy of immortality, they rise with pure and imperishable lustre. Here many, who have flourished in unmerited popularity, descend into oblivion, and it may literally be said, that "they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Here likewise many an ill-starred author, after struggling with penury and neglect, and starving through a world which he has enriched by his talents, sinks to rest, and becomes a theme of universal admiration and regret. The sneers of the cynical, the detractions of the envious, the scoffings of the ignorant, are silenced at the hallowed precincts of the tomb; and the world

awakens to a sense of his value, when he is removed beyond its patronage for ever. Monuments are erected to his memory, books are written in his praise, and thousands will devour with avidity the biography of a man, whose life was passed unheeded before their eyes. He is like some canonized saint, at whose shrine treasures are lavished and clouds of incense offered up, though while living the slow hand of charity withheld the pittance that would have soothed his miseries.

But this tardiness in awarding merit its due, this preference continually shown to departed over living authors, of perhaps superior excellence, may be attributed to a more charitable source than that of envy or ill nature. The latter are continually before our eyes, exposed to the full glare of scrutinizing familiarity. We behold them subject to the same foibles and frailties with ourselves, and from the constitutional delicacy of their minds and their irritable sensibilities, prone to more than ordinary caprices. The former on the contrary, are seen only through the magic medium of their works. We form our opinion of the whole flow of their minds and the tenor of their dispositions from the writings they have left behind. We witness nothing of the mental exhaustion and languor which follow these gushes of genius. We behold the stream only in the fulness of its current, and conclude that it has always been equally profound in its depth, pure in its wave, and majestic in its career.

With respect to the living writers of Europe, however, we may be said, on this side of the Atlantic, to be placed in some degree in the situation

of posterity. The vast ocean that rolls between us, like a space of time, removes us beyond the sphere of personal favour, personal prejudice, or personal familiarity. An European work, therefore, appears before us depending simply on its intrinsic merits. We have no private friendship nor party purpose to serve, by magnifying the author's merits; and in sober sadness the humble state of our national literature places us far below any feeling of national rivalry.

But while our local situation thus enables us to exercise the enviable impartiality of posterity, it is evident we must share likewise in one of its disadvantages. We are in as complete ignorance respecting the biography of most living authors of celebrity, as though they had existed ages before our time, and indeed are better informed concerning the character and lives of authors who have long since passed away, than of those who are actually adding to the stores of European literature. A proof of this assertion will be furnished in the following sketch, which, unsatisfactory as it is, contains all the information we can collect, concerning a British poet, of rare and exquisite endowments.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born at Glasgow, on the 27th of September 1777. He is the youngest son of Mr. Alexander Campbell, late merchant of Glasgow; a gentleman of the most unblemished integrity and amiable manners, who united the scholar and the man of business, and amidst the corroding cares and sordid habits of trade, cherished a liberal and enthusiastic love of literature. He died at a very advanced age, in the spring of

1801, and the event is mentioned in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, with high encomiums on his moral and religious character.

It may not be uninteresting to the American reader to know that Mr. Campbell, the poet, has very near connexions in this country, and indeed to this circumstance may be in some measure attributed the liberal sentiments he has frequently expressed concerning America. His father resided for many years of his youth at Falmouth in Virginia, but returned to Europe about fifty years since. His uncle, who had accompanied his father, settled permanently in Virginia, where his family has uniformly maintained a highly respectable character. One of his sons was district attorney under the administration of Washington, and died in 1795. He was a man of uncommon talents, and particularly distinguished for his eloquence. Robert Campbell also, a brother of the poet, settled in Virginia, where he married a daughter of the celebrated Patrick Henry. He died about the year 1808.

The genius of Mr. Campbell showed itself almost in his infancy. At the age of seven he possessed a vivacity of imagination and a vigour of mind, surprising in such early youth. A strong inclination for poetry was already discernible in him, and indeed it was not more than two years after this, that we are told "he began to try his wings." These bright dawnings of intellect, united to uncommon personal beauty, a winning gentleness and modesty of manners, and a generous sensibility of heart, made him an object of universal favour and admiration.

There is scarcely any obstacle more fatal to the full development and useful application of talent than an early display of genius. The extravagant caresses lavished upon it by the light and injudicious, are too apt to beget a self-confidence in the possessor, and render him impatient of the painful discipline of study; without which genius at best is irregular, ungovernable, and oftentimes splendidly erroneous.

Perhaps there is no country in the world where this error is less frequent than in Scotland. The Scotch are a philosophical, close thinking people. Wary and distrustful of external appearances and first impressions, stern examiners into the *utility* of things, and cautious in dealing out the dole of applause, their admiration follows tardily in the rear of their judgment, and even when they admire, they do it with peculiar rigidity of muscle. The spirit of rigorous rationality is peculiarly evident in the management of youthful genius; which, instead of meeting with enervating indulgence, is treated with a Spartan severity of education, tasked to the utmost extent of its powers, and made to undergo a long and laborious probation, before it is permitted to emerge into notoriety. The consequence is, an uncommon degree of skill and vigour in their writers. They are rendered diligent by constant habits of study, powerful by science, graceful by the elegant accomplishments of the scholar, and prompt and adroit in the management of their talents, by the frequent contests and exercises of the schools.

From the foregoing observations may be gathered the kind of system adopted with respect to

young Campbell. His early display of genius, instead of making him the transient wonder of the drawing room, and the *enfant gaté* of the tea-table, consigned him to the rigid discipline of the academy. At the age of seven he commenced the study of the Latin language under the care of the Rev. David Alison, a teacher of distinguished reputation in Scotland. At twelve he entered the university of Glasgow, and in the following year gained a bursary on bishop Leighton's foundation, for a translation of one of the comedies of Aristophanes, which he executed in verse. This triumph was the more honourable, from being gained, after a hard contest, over a rival candidate of nearly twice his age, who was considered one of the best scholars in the university. His second prize-exercise, was the translation of a tragedy of Æschylus, likewise in verse, which he gained without opposition, as none of the students would enter the lists with him. He continued seven years in the university, during which time his talents and application were testified by yearly academical prizes. He was particularly successful in his translations from the Greek, in which language he took great delight; and on receiving his last prize for one of these performances, the Greek professor publicly pronounced it the best that had ever been produced in the university.

Moral philosophy was likewise a favourite study with Mr. Campbell, and indeed he applied himself to gain an intimate acquaintance with the whole circle of sciences. But though, in the prosecution of his studies, he attended the academical courses both of law and physic, it was merely as objects of

curiosity, and branches of general knowledge, for he never devoted himself to any particular study with a view to prepare himself for a profession. On the contrary, his literary passion was already so strong, that he could never for a moment endure the idea of confining himself to the dull round of business, or engaging in the absorbing pursuits of common life.

In this he was most probably confirmed by the indulgence of a fond father, whose ardent love of literature made him regard the promising talents of his son with pride and sanguine anticipation. At one time, it is true, a part of his family expressed a wish that he should be fitted for the church, but this was completely overruled by the rest, and he was left, without further opposition, to the impulse of his own genius, and the seductions of the muse.

After leaving the university he passed some time among the mountains of Argyleshire, at the seat of colonel Napier, a descendant of Napier Baron Merchiston, the celebrated inventor of logarithms. It is probable that from this gentleman he first imbibed his taste and knowledge of the military art, traces of which are to be seen throughout his poems. From Argyleshire he went to Edinburgh, where the reputation he had acquired at the university gained him a favourable reception into the distinguished circle of science and literature, for which that city is renowned. Among others he was particularly honoured by the notice of professors Stewart and Playfair. Nothing could be more advantageous for a youthful poet, than to commence his career under such auspices. To the ex-

pansion of mind and elevation of thought produced by the society of such celebrated men, may we ascribe, in a great measure, the philosophic spirit, and moral sublimity displayed in his first production, the *Pleasures of Hope*, which was written during his residence at Edinburgh. He was not more than twenty when he wrote this justly celebrated poem, and it was published in the following year.

The popularity of this work at once introduced the author to the notice and patronage of the first people of Great Britain. At first, indeed, it promised but little pecuniary advantage, as he unfortunately disposed of the copyright for an inconsiderable sum. This, however, was in some measure remedied by the liberality of his publisher, who finding that his book ran through two editions in the course of a few months, permitted him to publish a splendid edition for himself, by which means he was enabled, in some measure, to participate in the golden harvest of his labours.

About this time the passion for German literature raged in all its violence in Great Britain, and the universal enthusiasm with which it was admired, awakened in the inquiring mind of our author a desire of studying it at the fountain head. This, added to his curiosity to visit foreign parts, induced him to embark for Germany in the year 1800. He had originally fixed upon the college of Jena for his first place of residence, but on arriving at Hamburgh he found, by the public prints, that a victory had been gained by the French near Ulm, and that Munich and the heart of Bavaria were the theatre of an interesting war. "One moment's



sensation," he observes, in a letter to a relation in this country, "the single hope of seeing human nature exhibited in its most dreadful attitude, overturned my past decisions. I got down to the seat of war some weeks before the summer armistice of 1800, and indulged in, what you will call, the criminal curiosity of witnessing blood and desolation. Never shall time efface from my memory the recollection of that hour of astonishment and suspended breath, when I stood with the good monks of St. Jacob, to overlook a charge of Kleinau's cavalry upon the French under Grennier, encamped below us. We saw the fire given and returned, and heard distinctly the sound of the French *pas de charge*, collecting the lines to attack in close column. After three hours' awaiting the issue of a severe action, a park of artillery was opened just beneath the walls of the monastery, and several wagoners, that were stationed to convey the wounded in spring wagons, were killed in our sight." This awful spectacle he has described, with all the poet's fire, in his *Battle of Hohenlinden*; a poem which perhaps contains more grandeur and martial sublimity, than is to be found anywhere else, in the same compass of English poetry.

Mr. Campbell afterwards proceeded to Ratisbon, where he was at the time it was taken possession of by the French, and expected as an Englishman to be made prisoner; but he observes "Moreau's army was under such excellent discipline, and the behaviour both of officers and men so civil, that I soon mixed among them without hesitation, and formed many agreeable acquaintances at the messes of their brigade stationed in town, to which

their *chef de brigade* often invited me. This worthy man, colonel Le Fort, whose kindness I shall ever remember with gratitude, gave me a protection to pass through the whole army of Moreau."

After this he visited different parts of Germany, in the course of which he paid one of the casual taxes on travelling; being plundered among the Tyrolese mountains, by a Croat, of his clothes, his books, and thirty ducats in gold. About midwinter he returned to Hamburgh, where he remained four months, in the expectation of accompanying a young gentleman of Edinburgh in a tour to Constantinople. His unceasing thirst for knowledge, and his habits of industrious application, prevented these months from passing heavily or unprofitable. His time was chiefly employed in reading German, and making himself acquainted with the principles of Kant's Philosophy; from which however, he seems soon to have turned with distaste, to the richer and more interesting field of German belles-lettres.

While in Germany an edition of his *Pleasures of Hope* was proposed for publication in Vienna, but was forbidden by the court, in consequence of those passages which relate to Kosciusko, and the partition of Poland. Being disappointed in his projected visit to Constantinople, he returned to England in 1801, after nearly a year's absence, which had been passed much to his satisfaction and improvement, and had stored his mind with grand and awful images. "I remember" says he, "how little I valued the art of painting before I got into the heart of such impressive scenes; but in Germany I would have given any thing to have pos-

essed an art capable of conveying ideas inaccessible to speech and writing. Some particular scenes were indeed rather overcharged with that degree of the terrific which oversteps the sublime, and I own my flesh yet creeps at the recollection of *spring wagons and hospitals*—but the sight of Ingolstadt in ruins, or Hohenlinden covered with fire, seven miles in circumference, were spectacles never to be forgotten.”

On returning to England he visited London, for the first time, where, though unprovided with a single letter of introduction, the celebrity of his writings procured him the immediate notice and attention of the best society. His recent visit to the continent, however, had increased rather than gratified his desire to travel. He now contemplated another tour, for the purpose of improving himself in the knowledge of foreign languages and foreign manners, in the course of which he intended to visit Italy and pass some time at Rome. From this plan he was diverted, most probably by an attachment he formed to a Miss Sinclair, a distant relation, whom he married in 1803. This change in his situation naturally put an end to all his wandering propensities, and he removed to Sydenham in Kent, near London, where he has ever since resided, devoting himself to literature, and the calm pleasures of domestic life.

He has been enabled to indulge his love of study and retirement more comfortably by the bounty of his sovereign, who about three years since presented him with an annuity of 200*l*. This distinguished mark of royal favour, so gratifying to the pride of the poet, and the loyal affections of the

subject, was wholly spontaneous and unconditional. It was neither granted to the importunities of friends at court, nor given as a *douceur* to secure the services of the author's pen, but merely as a testimony of royal approbation of his popular poem the Pleasures of Hope. Mr. Campbell, both before and since, has uniformly been independent in his opinions and writings.

Though withdrawn from the busy world, in his retirement at Sydenham, yet the genius of Mr. Campbell, like a true brilliant, occasionally flashed upon the public eye, in a number of exquisite little poems, which appeared in the periodical works of the day. Many of these he has never thought proper to rescue from their perishable repositories. But of those which he has formally acknowledged and republished, Hohenlinden, Lochiel, the Mariners of England and the Battle of the Baltic are sufficient of themselves, were other evidence wanting, to establish his title to the sacred name of Poet. The two last mentioned poems we consider as two of the noblest national songs we have ever seen. They contain sublime imagery and lofty sentiments, delivered with a "gallant swelling spirit," but totally free from that hyperbole and national rodomontade which generally disgrace this species of poetry. In the beginning of 1809, he published his second volume of poems, containing Gertrude of Wyoming and several smaller effusions, since which time he has produced nothing of consequence, excepting the uncommonly spirited and affecting little tale of "O'Connor's Child, or Love lies bleeding," published in the following collection.

Of those private and characteristic anecdotes which display most strikingly the habits and peculiarities of a writer, we have scarcely any to furnish respecting Mr. Campbell. He is generally represented to us as being extremely studious, but at the same time social in his disposition, gentle and endearing in his manners, and extremely prepossessing in his appearance and address. With a delicate and even nervous sensibility, and a degree of self-diffidence that at times is almost painful, he shrinks from the glare of notoriety which his own works have shed around him, and seems ever deprecating criticism, rather than enjoying praise. Though his society is courted by the most polished and enlightened, among whom he is calculated to shine, yet his chief delight is in domestic life, in the practice of those gentle virtues and bland affections, which he has so touchingly and eloquently illustrated in various passages of his poems.

That Mr. Campbell has by any means attained to the summit of his fame, we cannot suffer ourselves for a moment to believe. We rather look upon the works he has already produced as specimens of pure and virgin gold, from a mine, whose treasures are yet to be explored. It is true, the very reputation Mr. Campbell has acquired, may operate as a disadvantage to his future efforts. Public expectation is a pitiless taskmaster, and exorbitant in its demands. He who has once awakened it, must go on in a progressive ratio, surpassing what he has hitherto done, or the public will be disappointed. Under such circumstances, an author of common sensibility takes up his pen with fear and trembling. A consciousness that

much is expected from him, deprives him of that ease of mind and boldness of imagination, which are necessary to fine writing, and he too often fails, from a too great anxiety to excel. He is like some youthful soldier, who having distinguished himself by a gallant and brilliant achievement, is ever afterwards fearful of entering on a new enterprise, lest he should tarnish the laurels he has won.

We are satisfied that Mr. Campbell feels this very diffidence and solicitude from the uncommon pains he bestows upon his writings. These are scrupulously revised, modelled, and retouched over and over, before they are suffered to go out of his hands, and even then, are slowly and reluctantly yielded up to the press. This elaborate care may at times be carried to an excess, so as to produce a fastidiousness of style, and an air of too much art and labour. It occasionally imparts to the muse the precise demeanour and studied attire of the prude, rather than the negligent and bewitching graces of the woodland nymph. A too minute attention to finishing is likewise injurious to the force and sublimity of a poem. The vivid images which are struck off, at a single heat, in those glowing moments of inspiration, "when the soul is lifted to heaven," are too often softened down, and cautiously tamed, in the cold hour of correction. As an instance of the critical severity which Mr. Campbell exercises over his productions, we will mention a fact within our knowledge, concerning his *Battle of the Baltic*. This ode, as published, consists but of five stanzas; these were all that his scrupulous taste permitted him to cull out of about

a dozen, which we have seen in manuscript. The rest, though full of poetic fire and imagery, were timidly consigned by him to oblivion.

But though this scrupulous spirit of revision, may chance to refine away some of the bold touches of his pencil, and to injure some of its negligent graces, it is not without its eminent advantages. While it tends to produce a terseness of language and a remarkable delicacy and sweetness of versification, it enables him likewise to impart to his productions a vigorous conciseness of style, a graphical correctness of imagery, and a philosophical condensation of idea, rarely found in the popular poets of the day. Facility of writing seems to have been the bane of many modern poets, who too generally indulge in a ready and abundant versification, which like a flowering vine overruns their subject, and expands through many a weedy page. In fact most of them seem to have mistaken carelessness for ease, and redundancy for luxuriance: they never take pains to condense and invigorate. Hence we have those profuse and loosely written poems, wherein the writers, either too feeble or too careless to seize at once upon their subject, prefer giving it a chase, and hunt it through a labyrinth of verses, until it is fairly run down and overpowered by a multitude of words.

Great therefore as are the intrinsic merits of Mr. Campbell, we are led to estimate them the more highly when we consider them as beaming forth, like the pure lights of heaven, among the meteor exhalations and false fires with which our literary atmosphere abounds. In an age when we are overwhelmed by an abundance of eccentric poetry,

and when we are confounded by a host of ingenious poets of vitiated tastes and frantic fancies, it is really cheering and consolatory to behold a writer of Mr. Campbell's genius, studiously attentive to please, according to the established laws of criticism, as all our good old orthodox writers have pleased before; without setting up a standard, and endeavouring to establish a new sect, and inculcate some new and lawless doctrine of his own.

Before concluding this sketch, we cannot help pointing to one circumstance, which we confess has awakened a feeling of good will towards Mr. Campbell; though in mentioning it we shall do little more, perhaps, than betray our own national egotism. He is, we believe, the only British poet of eminence that has laid the story of a considerable poem, in the bosom of our country. We allude to his *Gertrude of Wyoming*, which describes the pastoral simplicity and innocence, and the subsequent woes of one of our little patriarchal hamlets, during the troubles of our revolution.

We have so long been accustomed to experience little else than contumely, misrepresentation, and very witless ridicule from the British press; and we have had such repeated proofs of the extreme ignorance and absurd errors that prevail in Great Britain respecting our country and its inhabitants, that we confess, we were both surprised and gratified to meet with a poet, sufficiently unprejudiced to conceive an idea of moral excellence and natural beauty on this side of the Atlantic. Indeed even this simple show of liberality has drawn on the poet the censures of many narrow minded writers, with whom liberality to this country is a crime.



We are sorry to see such pitiful manifestations of hostility towards us. Indeed we must say, that we consider the constant acrimony and traduction indulged in by the British press, towards this country, to be as opposite to the interest as it is derogatory to the candour and magnanimity of the nation. It is operating to widen the difference between two nations, which, if left to the impulse of their own feelings, would naturally grow together, and among the sad changes of this disastrous world, be mutual supports and comforts to each other.

Whatever may be the occasional collisions of etiquette and interest which will inevitably take place, between two great commercial nations, whose property and people are spread far and wide on the face of the ocean; whatever may be the clamorous expressions of hostility vented at such times by our unreflecting populace, or rather uttered in their name by a host of hireling scribblers, who pretend to speak the sentiments of the people; it is certain, that the well-educated and well-informed class of our citizens entertain a deep-rooted good will and a rational esteem for Great Britain. It is almost impossible it should be otherwise. Independent of those hereditary affections, which spring up spontaneously for the nation from whence we have descended, the single circumstance of imbibing our ideas from the same authors has a powerful effect in causing an attachment.

The writers of Great Britain are the adopted citizens of our country, and, though they have no legislative voice, exercise an authority over our opinions and affections, cherished by long habit

and matured by affection. In these works we have British valour, British magnanimity, British might, and British wisdom continually before our eyes, portrayed in the most captivating colours; and are thus brought up, in constant contemplation of all that is amiable and illustrious in the British character. To these works likewise we resort, in every varying mood of mind, or vicissitude of fortune. They are our delight in the hour of relaxation; the solemn monitors and instructors of our closet; our comforters in the gloomy seclusions of life-loathing despondency. In the season of early life, in the strength of manhood, and still in the weakness and apathy of age, it is to them we are indebted for our hours of refined and unalloyed enjoyment. When we turn our eyes to England, therefore, from whence this bounteous tide of literature pours in upon us, it is with such feelings as the Egyptian experiences, when he looks towards the sacred source of that stream, which, rising in a far distant country, flows down upon his own barren soil, diffusing riches, beauty, and fertility.\*

\* Since this Biographical notice was first published, the political relation between the two countries are changed and we are now at war with Great Britain. The above observations therefore may not be palatable to those who are eager for the hostility of the pen as well as of the sword. The author, indeed, was for some time in doubt whether to expunge them; as he could not prevail on himself to accommodate them to the embittered temper of the times. He determined however to let them remain. However the feelings he has expressed may be outraged or prostrated by the violence of warfare, they never can be totally eradicated. Besides, it should be the exalted ministry of literature to keep together the family of human nature; to calm with her "soul subdu-

Surely it cannot be the interest of Great Britain to trifle with such feelings. Surely the goodwill, thus cherished among the best hearts of a country, rapidly increasing in power and importance, is of too much consequence to be scornfully neglected or surlily dashed away. It most certainly therefore would be both politic and honourable, for those enlightened British writers, who sway the sceptre of criticism, to expose these constant misrepresentations and discountenance these galling and unworthy insults of the pen, whose effect is to mislead and to irritate, without serving one valuable purpose. They engender gross prejudices in Great Britain, inimical to a proper national understanding, while with us they wither all those feelings of kindness and consanguinity, that were shooting forth, like so many tendrils, to attach to us our parent country.

While therefore we regard the poem of Mr. Campbell with complacency, as evincing an opposite spirit to this, of which we have just complained, there are other reasons likewise, which interest us in its favour. Among the lesser evils, incident to the infant state of our country, we have to lament its almost total deficiency in those local associations produced by history and moral fiction. These may appear trivial to the common mass of readers; but the mind of taste and sensibility will

ing voice" the furious passions of warfare, and thus to bind up those ligaments which the sword would cleave asunder. The author may be remiss in the active exercise of this duty, but he will never have to reproach himself, that he has attempted to poison with political virulence, the pure fountains of elegant literature.

at once acknowledge them, as constituting a great source of national pride, and love of country. There is an inexpressible charm imparted to every place, that has been celebrated by the historian, or immortalized by the poet; a charm that dignifies it in the eyes of the stranger, and endears it to the heart of the native. Of this romantic attraction we are almost entirely destitute. While every insignificant hill and turbid stream in classic Europe has been hallowed by the visitations of the muse, and contemplated with fond enthusiasm; our lofty mountains and stupendous cataracts awaken no poetical associations, and our majestic rivers roll their waters unheeded, because unsung.

Thus circumstanced, the sweet strains of Mr. Campbell's muse break upon us as gladly as would the pastoral pipe of the shepherd, amid the savage solitude of one of our trackless wildernesses. We are delighted to witness the air of captivating romance and rural beauty our native fields and wild woods can assume under the plastic pencil of a master; and while wandering with the poet among the shady groves of Wyoming, or along the banks of the Susquehanna, almost fancy ourselves transported to the side of some classic stream, in the "hollow breast of Appenine." This may assist to convince many, who were before slow to believe, that our own country is capable of inspiring the highest poetic feelings and furnishing abundance of poetic imagery, though destitute of the hackneyed materials of poetry; though its groves are not vocal with the song of the nightingale; though no naiads have ever sported in its streams, nor satyrs and dryads gamboled among its forests.

Wherever nature—sweet nature—displays herself in simple beauty or wild magnificence, and wherever the human mind appears in new and striking situations, neither the poet nor the philosopher can ever want subjects worthy of his genius.

Having made such particular mention of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, we will barely add one or two circumstances connected with it, strongly illustrative of the literary character of the author. The story of the poem, though extremely simple, is not sufficiently developed; some of the facts, particularly in the first part, are rapidly passed over, and left rather obscure; from which many have inconsiderately pronounced the whole a hasty sketch, without perceiving the elaborate delicacy with which the parts are finished. This defect is to be attributed entirely to the self diffidence of Mr. Campbell. It is his misfortune that he is too distrustful of himself; and too ready to listen to the opinions of inferior minds, rather than boldly to follow the dictates of his own pure taste and the impulses of his exalted imagination, which if left to themselves would never falter or go wrong. Thus we are told, that when his *Gertrude* first came from under his pen it was full and complete: but in an evil hour he read it to some of his critical friends. Every one knows that when a man's critical judgment is consulted, he feels himself in credit bound to find fault. Various parts of the poem were of course objected to, and various alterations recommended.

With a fatal diffidence, which, while we admire we cannot but lament, Mr. Campbell struck out those parts entirely; and obliterated in a moment,

the fruit of hours of inspiration and days of labour. But when he attempted to bind together and new-model the elegant, but mangled, limbs of this virgin poem, his shy imagination revolted from the task. The glow of feeling was chilled; the creative powers of invention were exhausted; the parts therefore were slightly and imperfectly thrown together with a spiritless pen, and hence arose that apparent want of development which occurs in some parts of the story.

Indeed we do not think the unobtrusive and if we may be allowed the word, occult merits of this poem are calculated to strike popular attention, during the present passion for dashing verse and extravagant incident. It is mortifying to an author to observe, that those accomplishments which it has cost him the greatest pains to acquire, and which he regards with a proud eye, as the exquisite proofs of his skill, are totally lost upon the generality of readers; who are commonly captivated by those glaring qualities to which he attaches but little value. Most people are judges of exhibitions of force and activity of body, but it requires a certain refinement of taste and a practised eye, to estimate that gracefulness, which is the achievement of labour and consummation of art. So in writing, whatever is bold, glowing and garish, strikes the attention of the most careless, and is generally felt and acknowledged; but comparatively few can appreciate that modest delineation of nature, that tenderness of sentiment, propriety of language, and gracefulness of composition, that bespeak the polished and accomplished writer. Such however, as possess this delicacy of taste and

feeling, will often return to dwell with cherishing fondness on the Gertrude of Mr. Campbell. Like all his other writings, it presents virtue in its most touching and captivating forms: whether gently exercised in the "bosom scenes of life" or sublimely exerted in its extraordinary and turbulent situations. No writer can surpass Mr. C. in the vestal purity and amiable morality of his muse. While he possesses the power of firing the imagination and filling it with sublime and awful images, he excels also in those eloquent appeals to the feelings and those elevated flights of thought by which, while the fancy is exalted, the heart is made better.

It is now some time since he has produced any poem. Of late he has been employed in preparing a work for the press, containing critical and biographical notices of British poets from the reign of Edward III. to the present time. However much we may be gratified by such a work, from so competent a judge, still we cannot but regret that he should stoop from the brilliant track of poetic invention in which he is so calculated to soar, and descend into the lower regions of literature to mingle with droning critics and mousing commentators. His task should be to produce poetry, not to criticise it; for in our minds he does more for his own fame and for the interests of literature who furnishes one fine verse, than he who points out a thousand beauties or detects a thousand faults.

We hope therefore, soon to behold Mr. Campbell emerging from those dusty labours, and breaking forth in the full lustre of original genius. He

PLANTAINS OF INDIA

TART I



## ANALYSIS OF PART I.

**T**HE Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate..... the influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated.....an allusion is made to the well known fiction in pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind.....the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress.....the seaman on his midnight watch..... the soldier marching into battle.....allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science or of taste.... domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness.....picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep.....pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery, a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society.....the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations..... from these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people, recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence.....description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague.....apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement.....the wrongs of Africa..... the barbarous policy of Europeans in India.....prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity, to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

1. WHAT TO SAY

The first of these is the fact that the  
 Government has been unable to secure  
 the necessary funds to carry out its  
 policy of non-interference in the  
 internal affairs of the country.  
 The second is the fact that the  
 Government has been unable to secure  
 the necessary funds to carry out its  
 policy of non-interference in the  
 internal affairs of the country.

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THE

# PLEASURES OF HOPE.

## PART I.

**A**T Summer eve, when Heav'n's aerial bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sun-bright summit mingles with the sky?  
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—  
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Thus, with delight, we linger to survey  
The promis'd joys of life's unmeasur'd way;  
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene  
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;  
And every form, that Fancy can repair  
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptur'd eye  
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?  
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heav'nly power,  
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?

Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—  
 Her dim horizon bounded to a span; 20  
 Or, if she hold an image to the view,  
 'Tis Nature pictur'd too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope! resides the heavenly light,  
 That pours remotest rapture on the sight:  
 Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way, 25  
 That calls each slumb'ring passion into play:  
 Wak'd by thy touch, I see the sister band,  
 On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,  
 And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,  
 To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career. 30

Primeval Hope, the Aonian Muses say,  
 When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;  
 When every form of death, and every woe,  
 Shot from malignant stars to earth below;  
 When Murder bar'd his arm, and rampant War 35  
 Yok'd the red dragons of her iron car;  
 When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,  
 Sprung on the viewless winds to Heav'n again;  
 All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind,  
 But Hope, the charmer, linger'd still behind. 40

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare  
 From Carmel's height to sweep the fields of air,  
 The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,  
 Dropp'd on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious **Hope!** in thy sweet garden grow 45  
 Wreaths for each toll, a charm for every woe!  
 Won by their sweets, in nature's languid hour  
 The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;  
 There, as the wild-bee murmurs on the wing,  
 What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring! 50  
 What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,  
 And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought away!

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore  
 Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.  
 Lo! to the wint'ry winds the pilot yields 55  
 His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields;  
 Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,  
 Where Andes, giant of the western star,  
 With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,  
 Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world. 60

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles,  
 On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles;  
 Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,  
 From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;  
 And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar, 65  
 The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,  
 Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!  
 Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay;  
 Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away. 70

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,  
 And sing to charm the spirit of the deep.  
 Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,  
 Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul:  
 His native hills that rise in happier climes, 75  
 The grot that heard his song of other times,  
 His cottage-home, his bark of slender sail,  
 His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,  
 Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,  
 Treads the lov'd shore he sigh'd to leave behind; 80  
 Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,  
 And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;  
 Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,  
 And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!  
 While, long neglected, but at length caress'd, 85  
 His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,  
 Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)  
 His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,  
 Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power; 90  
 To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,  
 On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields.  
 When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,  
 Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line;  
 When all is still on Death's devoted soil; 95  
 The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil;  
 As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high  
 The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,

Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,  
And hears thy stormy music in the drum. 100

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore  
The hardy Byron to his native shore.—(a)  
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep  
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,  
'Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock, 105  
Scourg'd by the winds, and cradled on the rock,  
To wake each joyless morn, and search again  
The famish'd haunts of solitary men,  
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,  
Knows not a trace of Nature but the form; 110  
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,  
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,  
Pierc'd the deep woods, and, hailing from afar  
The moon's pale planet and the northern star;  
Paus'd at each dreary cry, unheard before, 115  
Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;  
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,  
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,  
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,  
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend! (b)

Congenial Hope! thy passion-kindling power,  
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!  
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand,  
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

"Go, Child of Heav'n (thy winged words proclaim)  
 Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame! 126  
 Lo! Newton, priest of Nature, shines afar,  
 Scans the wide world, and numbers ev'ry star!  
 Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,  
 And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye? 130  
 Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,  
 The speed of light, the circling march of sound;  
 With Franklin, grasp the lightning's fiery wing,  
 Or yield the lyre of Heav'n another string. (c)

"The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bow'rs, (d)  
 His winged insects, and his rosy flow'rs; 136  
 Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train  
 With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain—  
 So once, at Heav'n's command, the wand'ers came  
 To Eden's shade, and heard their various name. 140

"Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,  
 Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime;  
 Calm as the fields of Heav'n, his sapient eye  
 The lov'd Athenian lifts to realms on high;  
 Admiring Plato, on his spotless page, 145  
 Stamps the bright dictates of the father sage;  
 'Shall Nature bound to earth's diurnal span  
 'The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man?'



"Turn, Child of Heav'n, thy rapture-lighten'd eye  
 To Wisdom's walks,—the sacred Nine are nigh: 150  
 Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height,  
 From streams that wander in eternal light,  
 Rang'd on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell  
 The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell;  
 Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow, (e) 155  
 And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

"Belov'd of Heav'n! the smiling Muse shall shed  
 Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;  
 Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfin'd,  
 And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind. 160  
 I see thee roam her guardian pow'r beneath,  
 And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;  
 Inquire of guilty wand'ers whence they came,  
 And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name;  
 Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell, 165  
 And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

"When Venus, thron'd in clouds of rosy hue,  
 Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,  
 And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,  
 Sacred to love and walks of tender joy; 170  
 A milder mood the goddess shall recal,  
 And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;  
 While Beauty's deeply-pictur'd smiles impart  
 A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—

Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain, 175  
And plead in beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

"Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,  
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream;  
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—  
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile;—180  
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,  
And teach impassioned souls the joy of grief?

"Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be giv'n,  
And pow'r on earth to plead the cause of heav'n:  
The proud, the cold, untroubled heart of stone, 185  
That never mus'd on sorrow but its own,  
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,  
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand. (f)  
The living lumber of his kindred earth,  
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth; 190  
Feels thy dread pow'r another heart afford,  
Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord  
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan;  
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man!

"Bright as the pillar rose at Heav'n's command,  
When Israel march'd along the desert land, 196  
Blaz'd through the night on lonely wilds afar,  
And told the path—a never-setting star:  
So, heav'nly Genias, in thy course divine,  
Hope is thy star, her light is ever thine." 200

Propitious Pow'r! when rankling cares annoy  
 The sacred home of Hymenean joy;  
 When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,  
 The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,  
 Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame, 205  
 Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the  
 same—

Oh there, prophetic Hope! thy smile bestow,  
 And chase the pangs that worth should never know—  
 There, as the parent deals his scanty store  
 To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more, 210  
 Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage  
 Their father's wrongs, and shield his later age.  
 What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,  
 Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;  
 Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away, 215  
 That when his eyes grow dim, his tresses gray,  
 These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,  
 And deck with fairer flow'rs his little field,  
 And call from Heav'n propitious dew to breathe  
 Arcadian beauty on the barren heath; 220  
 Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears  
 The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,  
 Health shall prolong to many a festive hour  
 The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps, 225  
 Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;

She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,  
 Smiles on her slumb'ring child with pensive eyes,  
 And weaves a song of melancholy joy—  
 "Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy: 230  
 No ling'ring hour of sorrow shall be thine;  
 No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;  
 Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be  
 In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!  
 Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last, 235  
 Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—  
 With many a smile my solitude repay,  
 And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

"And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,  
 I lay my head beneath the willow tree, 240  
 Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,  
 And soothe my parted spirit ling'ring near?  
 Oh, wilt thou come, at ev'ning hour, to shed  
 The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;  
 With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd, 245  
 Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,  
 Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,  
 And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye  
 Can look regard, or brighten in reply; 250  
 But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim  
 A mother's ear by that endearing name;  
 Soon as the playful innocent can prove  
 A tear of pity, or a smile of love,

Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care, 255  
 Or lisps with holy look his ev'ning prayer,  
 Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear  
 The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;  
 How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,  
 At every artless tear, and every smile! 260  
 How glows the joyous parent to descry  
 A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart, consign'd to share  
 Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,  
 Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray 265  
 To count the joys of Fortune's better day!  
 Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume  
 The dim-ey'd tenant of the dungeon gloom,  
 A long lost friend, or hapless child restor'd,  
 Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board; 270  
 Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,  
 And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy  
 The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,  
 That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour 275  
 Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.

Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale  
 That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;  
 She, sad spectatress, on the wint'ry shore  
 Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,

Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze, 281  
 Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze:  
 Poor widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,  
 Till memory fled her agonizing brain:—  
 But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe, 285  
 Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow;  
 Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,  
 And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,  
 And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry, 290  
 Pil'd on the steep, her blazing faggots burn  
 To hail the bark that never can return;  
 And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep  
 That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wand'rings never  
 knew 295  
 The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue,  
 Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,  
 But found not pity when it err'd no more.  
 Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye  
 Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by; 300  
 Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,  
 Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—  
 Ev'n he, at evening, should he chance to stray  
 Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,  
 Where, round the cot's romantic glade are seen 305  
 The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,

Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—  
 Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,  
 Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form,  
 Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm! 310  
 There should my hand no stinted boon assign  
 To wretched hearts with sorrows such as mine!—  
 That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,  
 And Hope half mingles with the poor man's pray'r.

Hope! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,  
 The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind, 316  
 Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see  
 The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;  
 I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,  
 And learn the future by the past of man. 320

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,  
 And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;  
 Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,  
 Trace every wave, and culture every shore.  
 On Erie's banks, where tygers steal along, 325  
 And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,  
 Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,  
 And bathe in brains the murd'rous tomahawk;  
 There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,  
 And shepherds dance at Summer's op'ning day; 330  
 Each wand'ring genius of the lonely glen  
 Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men;  
 And silent watch, on woodland heights around,  
 The village curfew, as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damned rites are done,  
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun, 336  
Truth shall arrest the murd'rous arm profane,  
Wild Obi flies (*i*)—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barb'rous hoards on Scythian mountains  
roam,  
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home; 340  
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,  
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines, (*g*)  
Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,  
And light the dreadful features of despair.—  
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load, 345  
And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd!  
Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,  
And, as the slave departs, the man returns!

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceas'd awhile,  
And Hope, thy sister, ceas'd with thee to smile, 350  
When leagu'd Oppression pour'd to northern wars  
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,  
Wav'd her dread standard to the breeze of morn,  
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;  
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van, 355  
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man! (*h*)

Warsaw's last champion, from her height survey'd,  
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—



Oh! Heav'n! he cried, my bleeding country save!—  
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave. 360  
 Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,  
 Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!  
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,  
 And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd 365  
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;  
 Firm-pac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,  
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;  
 Low, murm'ring sounds along their banners fly,  
 Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply; 370  
 Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,  
 And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!  
 From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—  
 Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time, 375  
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;  
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,  
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!  
 Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd  
     spear, 379  
 Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;—  
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,  
 And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage there,  
 Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow, 385  
 His blood-dy'd waters murmur far below;  
 The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,  
 Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!  
 Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,  
 A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call! 390  
 Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,  
 And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! Righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,  
 Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?  
 Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy red,  
 That smote the foes of Zion and of God, 395  
 That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car  
 Was yok'd in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?  
 Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host  
 Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast;  
 'Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,  
 And heav'd an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!  
 Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!  
 Friends of the world! restore your swords to man, 405  
 Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!  
 Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,  
 And make her arm puissant as your own!  
 Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return 409  
 The patriot TELL—the BRUCE of BANNOCKBURN!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see  
 That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!  
 A little while, along thy saddening plains,  
 The starless night of desolation reigns;  
 Truth shall restore the light by Nature giv'n 415  
 And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heav'n!  
 Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,—  
 Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

Ye that the rising moon invidious mark,  
 And hate the light—because your deeds are dark;  
 Ye that expanding truth invidious view, 421  
 And think, or wish the song of Hope untrue!  
 Perhaps your little hands presume to span  
 The march of Genius, and the pow'rs of Man;  
 Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine, 425  
 Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine:—  
 “Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease; and here,  
 Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;  
 In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring: 430  
 What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,  
 Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?  
 No:—the wild wave contemns your scepter'd hand;—  
 It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow? 435  
 Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow?

Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?  
 Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?  
 What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?  
 Why then hath Plato liv'd—or Sidney died? 440

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,  
 Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!  
 Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire  
 The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!  
 Wrapt in historic ardour, who adore 445  
 Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,  
 Where Valour tun'd, amid her chosen throng,  
 The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;  
 Or, wand'ring thence, behold the later charms  
 Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms! 450  
 See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,  
 And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!  
 Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,  
 Hath Valour left the world—to live no more?  
 No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die, 455  
 And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?  
 Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,  
 Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls?  
 Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,  
 The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm? 460

Yes! in that generous cause for ever strong,  
 The patriot's virtue, and the poet's song,

Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,  
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,  
That slumber yet in uncreated dust, 466  
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth  
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;  
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,  
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play, 470  
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,  
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below!

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan  
Heav'n's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,  
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,  
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,— 476  
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands  
Shall burst the Lybian's adamantine bands?  
Who, sternly marking on his native soil,  
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil, 480  
Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see  
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! th' expected day  
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;  
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed, 485  
And holy men give scripture for the deed;  
Scourg'd and debas'd, no Briton stoops to save  
A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand  
 Had heav'd the floods, and fix'd the trembling land,  
 When life sprung startling at thy plastic call, 491  
 Endless her forms, and Man the lord of all!  
 Say, was that lordly form inspir'd by thee  
 To wear eternal chains, and bow the knee?  
 Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil, 495  
 Yok'd with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil;  
 Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?  
 No!—Nature stamp'd us in a heav'nly mould!  
 She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,  
 Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!  
 No homeless Lybian, on the stormy deep, 501  
 To call upon his country's name, and weep!  
 Lo! once in triumph on his boundless plain,  
 The quiver'd chief of Congo lov'd to reign;  
 With fires proportion'd to his native sky, 505  
 Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;  
 Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumin'd zone,  
 The spear, the lion, and the woods his own;  
 Or led the combat, bold without a plan,  
 An artless savage, but a fearless man! 510

The plunderer came:—alas! no glory smiles  
 For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles;  
 For ever fallen! no son of Nature now,  
 With Freedom charter'd on his manly brow!  
 Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,  
 And, when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day, 516

Starts, with a bursting heart, for ever more  
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore.

The shrill horn blew; (k) at that alarum knell  
His guardian angel took a last farewell! 520  
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd  
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind!—  
Poor fetter'd man! I hear thee whispering low  
Unhallow'd vows to Guilt, the child of Woe!  
Friendless thy heart; and, canst thou harbour there  
A wish but death—a passion but despair? 526

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,  
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires!  
So falls the heart at Thralldom's bitter sigh!  
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty! 530

But not to Lybia's barren climes alone,  
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone;  
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,  
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!—  
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run! 535  
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!  
How long your tribes have trembled, and obey'd!  
How long was Timur's iron sceptre sway'd! (l)  
Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,  
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main, 540  
Rag'd o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars bare;  
With blazing torch and gory scymitar,—

Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,  
 And bath'd in blood the verdure of the vale!  
 Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame, 545  
 When Brama's children perish'd for his name;  
 The martyr smil'd beneath avenging pow'r,  
 And brav'd the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,  
 And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main, 550  
 Taught her proud barks their winding way to shape,  
 And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape;(m)  
 Children of Brama! then was Mercy nigh  
 To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?  
 Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save, 555  
 When free-born Britons cross'd the Indian wave?  
 Ah, no!—to more than Rome's ambition true,  
 The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!  
 She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,  
 And in the march of nations, led the van! 560

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,  
 And plunder pil'd from kingdoms not their own,  
 Degenerate Trade! thy minions could despise  
 The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;  
 Could look, with impious hands, their teeming store,  
 While famish'd nations died along the shore;(n) 566  
 Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear  
 The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;



Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,  
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame! 570

But hark! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,  
From heav'nly climes propitious thunder peals!  
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,  
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,  
And solemn sounds, that awe the list'ning mind, 575  
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

"Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say)  
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,  
When Heav'n's unerring arm shall fall on you,  
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew; 580  
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd  
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world;(o)  
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,  
Convulsive trembled as the Mighty came;  
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spar'd in vain—  
But Heav'n shall burst her starry gates again! 586  
He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky  
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high!  
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,  
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm! 590  
Wide waves his flickering sword, his bright arms glow  
Like summer suns, and light the world below!  
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed  
Are shook, and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

"To pour redress on India's injur'd realm, 595  
 The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;  
 To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore,  
 With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,  
 The tenth Avatar comes! at Heav'n's command  
 Shall Seriswattee (*p*) wave her hallowed wand! 600  
 And Camdeo bright! and Ganesa sublime,  
 Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!—  
 Come, Heav'nly Powers! primeval peace restore!  
 Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom!—rule for ever more!"

END OF PART FIRST.

THE

**PLEASURES OF HOPE.**

**PART II.**

PLANNERS OF HOST

IN THE

## ANALYSIS OF PART II.

**A**POSTROPHE to the power of Love.....its intimate connexion with generous and social Sensibility.....allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till love was superadded to its other blessings.....the dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by refined attachment.....this disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist, who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find.....a summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents.....even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not untended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope, is the concluding topic of the Poem.....the predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution.....the baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts.....allusion to the fate of a suicide.....Episode of Conrad and Ellenore.....Conclusion.

AT THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS

[illegible]

THE

# PLEASURES OF HOPE.

## PART II.

**IN** joyous youth, what soul hath never known  
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?  
Who hath not paus'd, while Beauty's pensive eye  
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?  
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame, 5  
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,  
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;  
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,  
In self-adoring pride securely mail'd;— 10  
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few!  
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwell with you!  
For you no fancy consecrates the scene  
Where rapture utter'd vows, and wept between;  
'Tis yours, unmov'd, to sever and to meet; 15  
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,  
 The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?  
 No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,  
 And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy! 20  
 And say, without our hopes, without our fears,  
 Without the home that plighted love endears,  
 Without the smile from partial beauty won,  
 O! what were man?—a world without a sun!

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour, 25  
 There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bow'r!  
 In vain the viewless seraph ling'ring there,  
 At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;  
 In vain the wild-bird carol'd on the steep,  
 To hail the sun, slow-wheeling from the deep; 30  
 In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,  
 Aerial notes in mingling measure play'd;  
 The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,  
 The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—  
 Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day, 35  
 And still the stranger wist not where to stray,  
 The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!  
 And Man, the hermit, sigh'd—till Woman smil'd!

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring  
 Delirious anguish on his fiery wing! 40  
 Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,  
 By wealthless lot, or pitiless command;  
 Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn  
 The smile of triumph, or the frown of scorn;



While Memory watches o'er the sad review, 45  
 Of joys that faded like the morning dew;  
 Peace may depart—and life and nature seem  
 A barren path—a wildness, and a dream!

But, can the noble mind for ever brood,  
 The willing victim of a weary mood, 50  
 On heartless cares that squander life away,  
 And cloud young Genius bright'ning into day?—  
 Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd  
 The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!—(a)  
 If Hope's creative spirit cannot raise 55  
 One trophy sacred to thy future days,  
 Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine  
 Of hopeless love to murmur and repine!  
 But, should a sigh of milder mood express  
 Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness, 60  
 Should Heav'n's fair harbinger delight to pour  
 Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,  
 No tear to blot thy memory's pictur'd page,  
 No fears but such as fancy can assuage;  
 Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss,  
 The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss, 66  
 (For love pursues an ever devious race,  
 True to the winding lineaments of grace;)  
 Yet still may Hope her talisman employ  
 To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy, 70  
 And all her kindred energies impart  
 That burn the brightest in the purest heart!

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd  
 The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,  
 The happy master mingled on his piece 75  
 Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece;  
 To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace  
 From every finer form and sweeter face;  
 And, as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,  
 Woo'd all their love, and treasur'd all their smiles; 80  
 Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refin'd,  
 And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when combin'd!  
 Love on the picture smil'd! Expression pour'd  
 Her mingling spirit there—and Greece ador'd!

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy! gleans 85  
 The treasur'd pictures of a thousand scenes;  
 Thy pencil traces on the Lover's thought  
 Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,  
 Where Love and Lore may claim alternate hours,  
 With Peace embosom'd in Idalian bow'rs! 90  
 Remote from busy life's bewilder'd way,  
 O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!  
 Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,  
 With hermit steps to wander and adore!  
 There shall he love, when genial morn appears, 95  
 Like pensive beauty smiling in her tears,  
 To watch the bright'ning roses of the sky,  
 And muse on Nature with a poet's eye!—  
 And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,  
 The woods, and waves, and murm'ring winds asleep;

When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail, 101  
 And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,  
 His path shall be where streamy mountains swell  
 Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,  
 Where mouldering piles and forests intervene, 105  
 Mingling with darker tints the living green;  
 No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,  
 Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around!

The moon is up—the watch-tow'r dimly burns—  
 And down the vale his sober step returns; 110  
 But pauses oft as winding rocks convey  
 The still sweet fall of Music far away;  
 And oft he lingers from his home awhile  
 To watch the dying notes!—and start, and smile!

Let Winter come! let polar spirits sweep 115  
 The dark'ning world, and tempest-troubled deep!  
 Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,  
 And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm;  
 Yet shall the smile of social love repay,  
 With mental light, the melancholy day! 120  
 And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,  
 The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,  
 How bright the faggots in his little hall  
 Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictur'd wall!

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,; 125  
 The kind fair friend, by nature mark'd his own!

And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,  
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,  
Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began!  
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man! 130

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,  
And light the wint'ry paradise of home;  
And let the half-uncurtain'd window hail  
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!  
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high, 135  
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,  
While fiery hosts in Heav'n's wide circle play,  
And bathe in livid light the milky-way,  
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,  
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour—140  
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,  
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile—  
Thy woes, Arion! and thy simple tale, (b)  
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!  
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true, 145  
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,  
Heav'd all their guns, their foundering bark to save,  
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,  
The seamen's cry was heard along the deep; 150  
There on his funeral waters, dark and wild,  
The dying father blest his darling child!  
Oh! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,  
Spent, on the pray'r his bursting heart, and died! 154

Or will they learn how generous worth sublimed  
 The robber Moor, (c) and pleads for all his crimes!  
 How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,  
 His hand blood-stain'd, but ever ever dear!  
 Hung on the tortur'd bosom of her lord,  
 And wept, and pray'd perdition from his sword! 160  
 Nor sought in vain! at that heart-piercing cry  
 The strings of nature crack'd with agony!  
 He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd,  
 And burst the ties that bound him to the world!

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel  
 The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the  
     wheel— 166  
 Turn to the gentler melodies that suit  
 Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute;  
 Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,  
 From clime to clime descend, from age to age! 170

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude  
 Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood;  
 There shall he pause, with horrent brow, to rate  
 What millions died—that Cæsar might be great! (d)  
 Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore, (e) 175  
 March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore;  
 Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,  
 The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last!

File after file, the stormy showers benumb,  
 Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum!  
 Horsemen and horse confess'd the bitter pang, 181  
 And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!  
 Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,  
 Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,  
 The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye, 185  
 Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh!  
 Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,  
 And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight!

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,  
 Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie, 190  
 And Hope attends, companion of the way,  
 Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day!  
 In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere  
 That gems the starry girdle of the year,  
 In those unmeasur'd worlds, she bids thee tell, 195  
 Pure from their God, created millions dwell,  
 Whose names and natures, unreveal'd below,  
 We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know;  
 For, as Iona's Saint, a giant form, (f)  
 Thron'd on her tow'rs, conversing with the storm,  
 (When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwin'd, 201  
 The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind),  
 Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,  
 From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore;  
 So, when thy pure and renovated mind 205  
 This perishable dust hath left behind,

Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,  
 Like distant isles embosom'd in the main;  
 Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,  
 And light and life in mingling torrent ran, 210  
 From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,  
 The Throne of God,—the centre of the world!

Oh! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung  
 That suasive Hope hath but a Syren tongue!  
 True; she may sport with life's untutor'd day, 215  
 Nor heed the solace of its last decay,  
 The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,  
 And part like Ajut—never to return! (g)

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage  
 The griefs and passions of our greener age, 220  
 Though dull the close of life, and far away  
 Each flow'r that hail'd the dawning of the day;  
 Yet o'er her lovely hopes that once were dear,  
 The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,  
 With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill, 225  
 And weep their falsehood, though she love them still!

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconcil'd,  
 The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child!  
 Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy  
 Smil'd on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy! 230

My Absalom! (the voice of nature cried!)  
 Oh! that for thee thy father could have died!  
 For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,  
 That slew my Absalom!—my son!—my son!

Unfading Hope; when life's last embers burn, 235  
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!  
 Heav'n to thy charge resigns the awful hour!  
 Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!  
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye! 240  
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
 The morning dream of life's eternal day—  
 Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin!  
 And all the Phoenix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchancing prelude to repose 245  
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!  
 Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,  
 It is a dread and awful thing to die!  
 Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!  
 Where Time's far-wand'ring tide has never run, 250  
 From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,  
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears.  
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,  
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!  
 While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust, 255  
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;



And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod  
 'The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,  
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,  
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss! 260

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine  
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!  
 Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll  
 Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!  
 Fly, like the moon-ey'd herald of Dismay, 265  
 Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day!  
 The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,  
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.  
 Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,  
 The noon of Heav'n undazzled by the blaze, 270  
 On Heav'nly winds that waft her to the sky,  
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;  
 Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail  
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,  
 When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still  
 Watch'd on the holy tow'rs of Zion hill! 276

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!  
 Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?  
 Back to its heav'nly source thy being goes,  
 Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose; 280  
 Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,  
 And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—

Hark! from the world's exploding centre driv'n,  
 With sounds that shook the firmament of Heav'n,  
 Careers the fiery giant, fast and far, 285  
 On bick'ring wheels, and adamantine car;  
 From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,  
 He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;  
 But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,  
 Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun! 290  
 So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd  
 Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;  
 And o'er the path by mortal never trod,  
 Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh! lives there, Heav'n! beneath thy dread ex-  
 panse,  
 One hopeless, dark Idolater of Chance, 296  
 Content to feed, with pleasures unrefin'd,  
 The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;  
 Who, mould'ring earthward, rest of every trust,  
 In joyless union wedded to the dust, 300  
 Could all his parting energy dismiss,  
 And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—  
 There live, alas! of Heav'n-directed mien,  
 Of cultur'd soul, and sapient eye serene,  
 Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day, 305  
 Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay!  
 Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,  
 Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower!

A friendless slave, a child without a sire,  
 Whose mortal life, and momentary fire, 310  
 Lights to the grave his chance-created form,  
 As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;  
 And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,  
 To Night and Silence sink for ever more!—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim, 315  
 Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?  
 Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,  
 Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?  
 For this hath Science search'd, on weary wing,  
 By shore and sea—each mute and living thing? 320  
 Lanch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,  
 To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?  
 Or round the cope her living chariot driv'n,  
 And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of Heav'n?  
 Oh! star-ey'd Science, hast thou wander'd there, 325  
 To waft us home the message of despair?  
 Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,  
 Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!  
 Ah me! the laurel'd wreath that murder rears,  
 Blood-nurs'd, and water'd by the widow's tears, 330  
 Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,  
 As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.  
 What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?  
 I smile on death, if Heav'n-ward Hope remain!  
 But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife 335  
 Be all the faithless charter of my life,

If Chance awak'd, inexorable pow'r!  
 This frail and fev'rish being of an hour,  
 Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,  
 Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,  
 To know Delight but by her parting smile,  
 And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while;  
 Then melt, ye elements, that form'd in vain  
 This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!  
 Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom!  
 And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!  
 Truth, ever lovely, since the world began,  
 The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—  
 How can thy words from balmy slumber start  
 Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart!  
 Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,  
 And that were true which Nature never told,  
 Let wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;  
 No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd!  
 Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,  
 The doom that bars us from a better fate;  
 But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,  
 Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,  
 Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay,  
 Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,  
 It darkly hints a melancholy tale!  
 There, as the homeless madman sits alone,  
 In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!

And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,      265  
 When the moon lights her watch-tower in the clouds,  
 Poor, lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!  
 Mild be the doom of Heav'n—as thou wert mild!  
 For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast,  
 And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.      370  
 Poor, lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear  
 The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!  
 When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drown'd,  
 Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground!

Cease every joy to glimmer on my mind,      375  
 But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!  
 What though my winged hours of bliss have been,  
 Like angel-visits, few, and far between!  
 Her musing mood shall every pang appease,  
 And charm—when pleasures lose the power to please!

Yes! let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee;      380  
 Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—  
 Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,  
 Chase every care, and charm a little while,  
 Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,      385  
 And all her strings are harmoniz'd to Joy!—  
 But why so short is Love's delighted hour?  
 Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flow'r?  
 Why can no hymned charm of Music heal  
 The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel?      390

Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,  
To hide the sad realities of fate?—

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,  
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,  
Have pow'r to soothe, unaided and alone, 395  
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!  
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,  
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;  
When, 'rest of all, yon widow'd sire appears  
A lonely hermit in the vale of years; 400  
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow  
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?  
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—  
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you!  
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain, 405  
Congenial spirits part to meet again!—

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,  
What sorrow chok'd thy long and last adieu,  
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,  
And bade his country and his child farewell! 410  
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney Cove to see,  
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee?  
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,  
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part;  
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low 415  
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe;

Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,  
 As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,  
 Lur'd his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,  
 Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time! 420

“And weep not thus, (he cried) young Ellenore,  
 My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!  
 Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,  
 And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!  
 But not; my child, with life's precarious fire, 425  
 The immortal ties of Nature shall expire;  
 These shall resist the triumph of decay,  
 When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away!  
 Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,  
 But that which warm'd it once shall never die! 430  
 That spark unburied in its mortal frame,  
 With living light, eternal, and the same,  
 Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,  
 Unveil'd by darkness—unassuag'd by tears!

“Yet; on the barren shore and stormy deep, 435  
 One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep;  
 But when I gain the home without a friend,  
 And press th' uneasy couch were none attend,  
 This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,  
 Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part! 440  
 Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,  
 And hush the groan of life's last agony!

"Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,  
 And place my nameless stone without a tear;  
 When each returning pledge hath told my child 445  
 That Conrad's tomb is on the desert pil'd;  
 And when the dream of troubled fancy sees  
 Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;  
 Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er!  
 Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore? 450  
 Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,  
 Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied?  
 Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good  
 Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!  
 O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake, 455  
 And smile on Innocence, for Mercy's sake!"

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,  
 The tears of love were hopeless, but for thee!  
 If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,  
 If that faint murmur be the last farewell! 460  
 If fate unite the faithful but to part,  
 Why is their memory sacred to the heart?  
 Why does the brother of my childhood seem  
 Restor'd awhile in every pleasing dream?  
 Why do I joy the lonely spot to view, 465  
 By artless friendship bless'd when life was new?

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime  
 Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of Time,



Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—  
When all the sister planets have decay'd; 470  
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,  
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below;  
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,  
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

END OF PART SECOND.

FROM THE 7448 TO 572

**GERTRUDE**

**OF**

**WYOMING;**

**OR THE**

**PENNSYLVANIAN COTTAGE.**

THE NEW YORK

LIBRARY

1870

OF THE NEW YORK

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**M**OST of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The Scenery and Incidents of the following Poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms, converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. *Isaac Weld* informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796.

# THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The British Museum is a public institution of the United Kingdom, which was founded in 1753. It is the largest museum in the world, and it is one of the most important cultural institutions in the United Kingdom. The museum is located in London, and it is open to the public. It is a place where people can learn about the history and culture of the world. The museum has a collection of over 8 million objects, and it is one of the most important places in the world for the study of human history and culture. The museum is a place where people can see the most important objects in the world, and it is a place where people can learn about the world in a way that is both interesting and educational. The museum is a place where people can see the most important objects in the world, and it is a place where people can learn about the world in a way that is both interesting and educational.

# **Gertrude of Wyoming.**

## **PART I.**

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1957



# Gertrude of Wyoming.

## PART I.

### I.

**ON** Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!  
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall  
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring  
Of what thy gentle people did befall,  
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all  
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.  
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,  
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,  
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore.

### II.

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,  
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do,  
But feed their flocks on green declivities,  
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,

From morn, till evening's sweeter pastime grew,  
 With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,  
 The lovely maidens would the dance renew:  
 And aye those sunny mountains half-way down  
 Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

## III.

Then, where on Indian hills the daylight takes  
 His leave, how might you the flamingo see  
 Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—  
 And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:  
 And ev'ry sound of life was full of glee,  
 From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men,  
 While heark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,  
 The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then  
 Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

## IV.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime  
 Heard but in transatlantic story rung,  
 For here the exile met from ev'ry clime,  
 And spoke in friendship ev'ry distant tongue:  
 Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,  
 Were but divided by the running brook;  
 And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,  
 On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,  
 The Blue-ey'd German chang'd his sword to pruning-  
 ing-hook.

## V.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband  
 Would sound to many a native roundelay.  
 But who is he that yet a dearer land  
 Remembers, over hills and far away?  
 Green Albyn!\* what though he no more survey  
 Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,  
 Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay,  
 Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,  
 And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan  
 roar!†

## VI.

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,  
 That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,  
 Had forc'd him from a home he lov'd so dear!  
 Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,  
 And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,  
 That fir'd his Highland blood with mickle glee;  
 And England sent her men, of men the chief,  
 Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,  
 To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair freedom's tree!

## VII.

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp  
 Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;  
 Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,  
 Nor seal'd in blood a fellow creature's doom,

\* Scotland.    †The great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides.

Nor mourn'd the captive in a living tomb.  
 One venerable man, belov'd of all,  
 Suffic'd where innocence was yet in bloom,  
 To sway the strife, that seldom might befall,  
 And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

## VIII.

How rev'rend was the look, serenely aged,  
 He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,  
 Where all but kindly fervors were assuag'd,  
 Undimm'd by weakness' shade, or turbid ire;  
 And though amidst the calm of thought entire,  
 Some high and haughty features might betray  
 A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire  
 That fled composure's intellectual ray,  
 As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

## IX.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,  
 But yet, oh Nature! is there nought to prize,  
 Familiar in thy bosom-scenes of life?  
 And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies  
 No form with which the soul may sympathize?  
 Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild  
 The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,  
 An inmate in the home of Albert smil'd,  
 Or blest his noonday walk—she was his only child.

## X.

The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek—  
 What though these shades had seen her birth, her  
 sire

A Briton's independence taught to seek  
 Far western worlds; and there his household fire  
 The light of social love did long inspire,  
 And many a halcyon day he liv'd to see  
 Unbroken, but by one misfortune dire,  
 When fate had reft his mutual heart—but she  
 Was gone—and Gertrude clim'd a widow'd father's  
 knee.

## XI.

A lov'd bequest,—and I may half impart—  
 To them that feel the strong paternal tie,  
 How like a new existence to his heart  
 Uprose that living flow'r beneath his eye,  
 Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,  
 From hours when she would round his garden play,  
 To time when as the rip'ning years went by,  
 Her lovely mind could culture well repay,  
 And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

## XII.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms;  
 (Unconscious fascination, undesign'd!)  
 The orison repeated in his arms,  
 For God to bless her sire and all mankind;

The book, the bosom on his knee reclin'd,  
 Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,  
 (The playmate ere the teacher of her mind:)  
 All uncompanion'd else her years had gone  
 Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer  
 shone.

## XIII.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,  
 When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,  
 An Indian from his bark approach their bow'r,  
 Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament;  
 The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,  
 And bracelets bound the arm that help'd to light  
 A boy, who seem'd, as he beside him went,  
 Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,  
 Led by his dusky guide like morning brought by  
 night.

## XIV.

Yet pensive seem'd the boy for one so young,  
 The dimple from his polish'd cheek had fled;  
 When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,  
 Th' Oneyda warrior to the planter said,  
 And laid his hand upon the stripling's head,  
 'Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve;  
 'The paths of peace my steps have hither led:  
 'This little nursling, take him to thy love,  
 'And shield the bird unfledg'd, since gone the parent  
 dove.

## XV.

' Christian! I am the foeman of thy foe;  
 ' Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace:  
 ' Upon the Michigan, three moons ago,  
 ' We launch'd our quivers for the bison chace;  
 ' And with the Hurons planted for a space,  
 ' With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk;  
 ' But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,  
 ' And though they held with us a friendly talk,  
 ' The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk!

## XVI.

' It was encamping on the lake's far port,  
 ' A cry of Areouski\* broke our sleep,  
 ' Where storm'd an ambush'd foe thy nation's fort,  
 ' And rapid rapid whoops came o'er the deep;  
 ' But long thy country's war-sign on the steep  
 ' Appear'd through ghastly intervals of light,  
 ' And deathfully their thunders seem'd to sweep,  
 ' Till utter darkness swallow'd up the sight,  
 ' As if a show'r of blood had quench'd the fiery fight!

## XVII.

' It slept—it rose again—on high their tow'r  
 ' Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,  
 ' Then down again it rain'd an ember show'r,  
 ' And louder lamentations heard we rise:

\* The Indian God of War.

' As when the evil Manitou† that dries  
 ' The Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,  
 ' In vain the desolated panther flies,  
 ' And howls, amidst his wilderness of fire:  
 ' Alas! too late, we reach'd and smote those Hurons  
 dire!

## XVIII.

' But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,  
 ' So died their warriors by our battle-brand;  
 ' And from the tree we with her child unbound  
 ' A lonely mother of the Christian land—  
 ' Her lord—the captain of the British band—  
 ' Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.  
 ' Scarce knew the widow our deliv'ring hand;  
 ' Upon her child she sobb'd, and swoon'd away,  
 ' Or shriek'd unto the God to whom the Christians  
 pray.—

## XIX.

' Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls  
 ' Of fever-balm, and sweet sagamite;  
 ' But she was journeying to the land of souls,  
 ' And lifted up her dying head to pray  
 ' That we should bid an ancient friend convey  
 ' Her orphan to his home of England's shore;  
 ' And take, she said, this token far away  
 ' To one that will remember us of yore,  
 ' When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia  
 wore.—



## XX.

'And I, the eagle of my tribe,\* have rush'd  
 'With this lorn dove.'—A sage's self-command  
 Had quell'd the tears from Albert's heart that gush'd;  
 But yet his cheek—his agitated hand—  
 That shower'd upon the stranger of the land  
 No common boon, in grief but ill beguil'd  
 A soul that was not wont to be unmann'd;  
 'And stay,' he cried, 'dear pilgrim of the wild!  
 'Preserver of my old, my boon companion's child!—

## XXI.

'Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,  
 'On earth's remotest bounds how welcome here!  
 'Whose mother oft, a child, has fill'd these arms,  
 'Young as thyself, and innocently dear,  
 'Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer.  
 'Ah happiest home of England's happy clime!  
 'How beautiful ev'n now thy scenes appear,  
 'As in the noon and sunshine of my prime!  
 'How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of  
 time!

\* The Indians are distinguished both personally and by tribes by the name of particular animals, whose qualities they affect to resemble either for cunning, strength, swiftness, or other qualities.—As the eagle, the serpent, the fox, or bear.

## XXII.

' And, Julia! when thou wert like Gertrude now,  
 ' Can I forget thee, fav'rite child of yore?  
 ' Or thought I, in thy father's house when thou  
 ' Wert lightest hearted on his festive floor,  
 ' And first of all his hospitable door,  
 ' To meet and kiss me at my journey's end?  
 ' But where was I when Waldegrave was no more?  
 ' And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend,  
 ' In woes, that ev'n the tribe of deserts was thy friend!

## XXIII.

He said—and strain'd unto his heart the boy:  
 Far differently the mute Oneyda took  
 His calumet of peace,\* and cup of joy;  
 As monumental bronze unchanged his look:  
 A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook:  
 Train'd, from his tree-rock'd cradle† to his bier,  
 The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook  
 Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—  
 A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.—

\* *Calumet of Peace.*—The calumet is the Indian name for the ornamented pipe of friendship, which they smoke as a pledge of amity.

† *Tree-rock'd cradle.*—The Indian mothers suspend their children in their cradles from the boughs of trees, and let them be rocked by the wind.

## XXIV.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock  
 Of Outalissi's heart disdain'd to grow;  
 As lives the oak unwither'd on the rock  
 By storms above, and barrenness below:  
 He scorn'd his own, who felt another's woe:  
 And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,  
 Or laced his mocasins, in act to go,  
 A song of parting to the boy he sung,  
 Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly  
 tongue.

## XXV.

'Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land  
 'Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,  
 'Oh! tell her spirit, that the white man's hand  
 'Hath pluck'd the thorns of sorrow from thy feet;  
 'While I in lonely wilderness shall greet  
 'Thy little foot prints—or by traces know  
 'The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet  
 'To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,  
 'And pour'd the lotus-horn,\* or slew the mountain  
 roe.

\* From a flower shaped like a horn, which Chateaubriant  
 presumes to be of the lotus kind, the Indians in their travels  
 through the desert often find a draught of dew purer than  
 any other water.

## XXVI.

' Adieu! sweet seion of the rising sun!  
 ' But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,  
 ' Then come again—my own adopted one!  
 ' And I will graft thee on a noble stock:  
 ' The crocodile, the condor of the rock,  
 ' Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars;  
 ' And I will teach thee, in the battle's-shock,  
 ' To pay with Huron blood thy father's sears,  
 ' And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars!

## XXVII.

So finished he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)  
 That true to nature's fervid feelings ran;  
 (And song is but the eloquence of truth:)  
 Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man;  
 But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan  
 In woods requir'd, whose trained eye was keen  
 As eagle of the wilderness, to scan  
 His path, by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,  
 Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

## XXVIII.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side—  
 His pirogue launch'd—his pilgrimage begun—  
 Far, like the red-bird's wing he seem'd to glide;—  
 Then div'd, and vanish'd in the woodlands dun.

Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,  
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,  
If but a dim sail glimmer'd in the sun;  
But never more, to bless his longing sight,  
Was Outalissi hail'd, with bark and plumage bright.

END OF PART FIRST.

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# **Gertrude of Wyoming.**

## **PART II.**

**E**

Carriage of Wyoming.

PLATE II.



## Gertrude of Wyoming.

### PART II.

#### I.

**A VALLEY** from the river shore withdrawn  
Was Albert's home; two quiet woods between,  
Whose lofty verdure overlook'd his lawn;  
And waters to their resting place serene  
Came fresh'ning, and reflecting all the scene:  
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves;)  
So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween)  
Have guess'd some congregation of the elves  
To sport by summer moons, had shap'd it for them-  
selves.

#### II.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,  
Nor vistas open'd by the wand'ring stream;  
Both where at evening Allegany views,  
Through ridges burning in her western beam,

Lake after lake interminably gleam:  
 And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam,  
 Where earth's unliving silence all would seem;  
 Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,  
 Or buffalo remote low'd far from human home.

## III.

But silent not that adverse eastern path,  
 Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown;  
 There was the river heard, in bed of wrath,  
 (A precipice of foam from mountains brown,)  
 Like tumults heard from some far distant town;  
 But soft'ning in approach he left his gloom,  
 And murmur'd pleasantly, and laid him down  
 To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,  
 That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

## IV.

It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence had  
 On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own  
 Inspir'd those eyes affectionate and glad,  
 That seem'd to love whate'er they look'd upon;  
 Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,  
 Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast,  
 (As if for heavenly musing meant alone;) Yet so becomingly th' expression past,  
 That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

## V.

Nor guess I was that Pennsylvanian home,  
 With all its picturesque and balmy grace,  
 And fields that were a luxury to roam,  
 Lost on the soul that look'd from such a face!  
 Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace  
 Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,  
 The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace  
 To hills with high magnolia overgrown,  
 And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

## VI.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,  
 That thus apostrophiz'd its viewless scene:  
 'Land of my father's love, my mother's birth!  
 'The home of kindred I have never seen!  
 'We know not other—oceans are between;  
 'Yet say! far friendly hearts from whence we came,  
 'Of us does oft remembrance intervene!  
 'My mother sure—my sire a thought may claim;—  
 'But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

## VII.

'And yet, lov'd England! when thy name I trace  
 'In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,  
 'How can I choose but wish for one embrace  
 'Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong

' My mother's looks,—perhaps her likeness strong?  
 ' Oh parent! with what reverential awe,  
 ' From features of thine own related throng,  
 ' An image of thy face my soul could draw!  
 ' And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw!

### VIII.

Yet deem not Gertrude sigh'd for foreign joy;  
 To sooth a father's couch her only care,  
 And keep his rev'rend head from all annoy:  
 For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,  
 Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair;  
 While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,  
 While boatmen carol'd to the fresh-blown air,  
 And woods a horizontal shadow threw,  
 And early fox appear'd in momentary view.

### IX.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,  
 Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore;  
 Tradition had not nam'd its lonely spot;  
 But here (methinks) might Indians' sons explore  
 Their fathers' dust,\* or lift, perchance, of yore,

\* It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century.

Their voice to the great Spirit:—rocks sublime  
 To human art a sportive semblance bore,  
 And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,  
 Like moonlight battlements, and towers decay'd by  
 time.

## X.

But high in amphitheatre above,  
 His arms the everlasting aloes threw:  
 Breath'd but an air of heav'n, and all the grove  
 As if with instinct living spirit grew,  
 Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue;  
 And now suspended was the pleasing din,  
 Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew,  
 Like the first note of organ heard within  
 Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin.

## XI.

It was in this lone valley she would charm  
 The ling'ring noon, where flow'rs a couch had strown;  
 Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm  
 On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown:  
 And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,  
 Which every heart of human mould endears;  
 With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,  
 And no intruding visitation fears,  
 To shame th' unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest  
 tears.

## XII.

And nought within the grove was heard or seen  
 But stock-doves plaining through its gloom profound,  
 Or winglet of the fairy humming bird,  
 Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round;  
 When lo! there enter'd to its inmost ground  
 A youth, the stranger of a distant land;  
 He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound;  
 But late th' equator suns his cheek had tann'd,  
 And California's gales his roving bosom fann'd.

## XIII.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,  
 He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,  
 Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,  
 Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space  
 Those downcast features:—she her lovely face  
 Uplift on one whose lineaments and frame  
 Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace:  
 Iberian seem'd his boot—his robe the same,  
 And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

## XIV.

For Albert's home he sought—her finger fair  
 Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.  
 Returning from the copse he soon was there;  
 And soon has Gertrude hied from dark green wood;

Nor joyless, by the converse, understood  
 Between the man of age and pilgrim young,  
 That gay congeniality of mood,  
 And early liking from acquaintance sprung:  
 Full fluently convers'd their guest in England's tongue.

## XV.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste  
 Unfold,—and much they lov'd his fervid strain,  
 While he each fair variety re-trac'd  
 Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main:  
 Now happy Switzer's hills,—romantic Spain,—  
 Gay liliated fields of France,—or, more refin'd,  
 The soft Ausonia's monumental reign;  
 Nor less each rural image he design'd,  
 Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind.

## XVI.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws;  
 Of Nature's savage glories he would speak,—  
 The loneliness of earth that overawes,—  
 Where, resting by some tomb of old cacique,  
 The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,  
 Nor living voice nor motion marks around;  
 But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,  
 Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,\*  
 That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado  
 sound.—

\* The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, how-

## XVII.

Pleas'd with his guest, the good man still would ply  
 Each earnest question, and his converse court;  
 But Gertrude, as she ey'd him, knew not why  
 A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.  
 'In England thou hast been,—and, by report,  
 'An orphan's name (quoth Albert) may'st have  
     known:  
 'Sad tale!—when latest fell our frontier fort,—  
 'One innocent—one soldier's child—alone  
 'Was spared, and brought to me, who lov'd him as  
     my own.—

## XVIII.

'Young Henry Waldegrave! three delightful years  
 'These very walls his infant sports did see;  
 'But most I lov'd him when his parting tears  
 'Alternately bedew'd my child and me;  
 'His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee;  
 'Nor half its grief his little heart could hold;  
 'By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea,  
 'They tore him from us when but twelve years old,  
 'And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consol'd.'—

ever strong to support the passenger, are yet waved in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and picturesque scenery.



## XIX.

His face the wand'rer hid,—but could not hide  
 A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell;—  
 ‘And speak, mysterious stranger!’ (Gertrude cried)  
 ‘It is!—it is!—I knew—I knew him well!  
 ‘’Tis Waldegrave’s self, of Waldegrave come to tell!  
 A burst of joy the father’s lips declare;  
 But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell:  
 At once his open arms embrac’d the pair,  
 Was never group more blest, in this wide world of  
 care.

## XX.

‘And will ye pardon then (replied the youth)  
 ‘Your Waldegrave’s feigned name, and false attire?  
 ‘I durst not in the neighbourhood, in truth,  
 ‘The very fortunes of your house inquire;  
 ‘Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire  
 ‘Impart, and I my weakness all betray;  
 ‘For had I lost my Gertrude, and my sire,  
 ‘I meant but o’er your tombs to weep a day,  
 ‘Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass away.

## XXI.

‘But here ye live,—ye bloom,—in each dear face  
 ‘The changing hand of time I may not blame;  
 ‘For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,  
 ‘And here, of beauty perfected the frame;

' And well I know your hearts are still the same,  
 ' They could not change—ye look the very way,  
 ' As when an orphan first to you I came.  
 ' And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray?  
 ' Nay, wherefore weep we, friends, on such a joyous  
 ' day?'

## XXII.

' And art thou here? or is it but a dream?  
 ' And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou leave us  
 ' more?'—  
 ' No, never! thou that yet dost lovelier seem  
 ' Than aught on earth—than ev'n thyself of yore—  
 ' I will not part thee from thy father's shore;  
 ' But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,  
 ' And hand in hand again the path explore,  
 ' Which every ray of young remembrance warms,  
 ' While thou shalt be my own with all thy truth and  
 ' charms.'

## XXIII.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy  
 Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,  
 Where all was od'rous scent and harmony,  
 And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight:  
 There if, oh gentle love! I read aright,  
 The utterance that seal'd thy sacred bond,  
 'Twas list'ning to these accents of delight,  
 She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond  
 Expression's power to paint, all languishingly fond.

## XXIV.

' Flow'r of my life, so lovely, and so lone!  
 ' Whom I would rather in this desert meet,  
 ' Scorning, and scorn'd by fortune's pow'r, than own  
 ' Her pomp and splendors lavish'd at my feet!  
 ' Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite  
 ' Than odours cast on heav'n's own shrine—to  
     please—  
 ' Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,  
 ' And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,  
 ' When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas.'

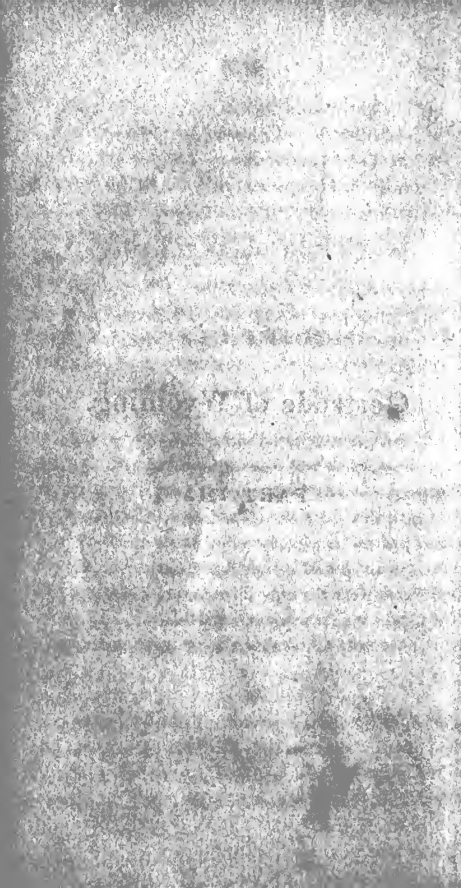
## XXV.

Then would that home admit them—happier far  
 Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,  
 While, here and there, a solitary star  
 Flush'd in the dark'ning firmament of June;  
 And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,  
 Ineffable, which I may not portray;  
 For never did the Hymenean moon  
 A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,  
 In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.



# **Gertrude of Wyoming.**

## **PART III.**



## Gertrude of Wyoming.

### PART III.

**I.**  
**O LOVE!** in such a wilderness as this,  
Where transport and security entwine;  
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,  
And here thou art a god indeed divine.  
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine  
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!  
Roll on, ye days of raptur'd influence, shine!  
Nor blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,  
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

**II.**  
Three little moons, how short, amidst the grove,  
And pastoral savannas they consume!  
While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,  
Delights, in fancifully wild costume,

Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;  
 And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;  
 But not to chase the deer in forest gloom;  
 'Tis but the breath of heav'n—the blessed air—  
 And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to share.

## III.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note,  
 Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing;  
 Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote  
 To death those gentle throats that wake the spring;  
 Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?  
 No!—nor let fear one little warbler rouse;  
 But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,  
 Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,  
 That shade ev'n now her love, and witness'd first her  
 vows.

## IV.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,  
 Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,  
 Where welcome hills shut out the universe,  
 And pines their lawny walk encompass round;  
 There, if a pause delicious converse found,  
 'Twas but when o'er each heart th' idea stole,  
 (Perchance awhile in joy's oblivion drown'd)  
 That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,  
 Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.



V.  
 And in the visions of romantic youth,  
 What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!  
 But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth!  
 The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!  
 And must I change my song? and must I show,  
 Sweet Wyoming! the day, when thou wert doom'd,  
 Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bow'rs laid low!  
 When where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,  
 Death overspread his pall, and black'ning ashes  
 gloom'd.

VI.  
 Sad was the year, by proud oppression driv'n,  
 When transatlantic Liberty arose,  
 Not in the sunshine, and the smile of heav'n,  
 But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes:  
 Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes,  
 Her birth star was the light of burning plains;\*  
 Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows  
 From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins—  
 And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

VII.  
 Yet, ere the storm of death had rag'd remote,  
 Or siege unseen, in heav'n reflects its beams,  
 Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,  
 That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly  
 dreams:

\* Alluding to the miseries that attended the American civil war.

Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams  
 Portentous light! and Music's voice is dumb;  
 Save where the fife its shrill reveillé screams,  
 Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum,  
 That speaks of madd'ning strife, and bloodstain'd  
 fields to come.

## VIII.

It was in truth a momentary pang;  
 Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe!  
 First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,  
 A husband to the battle doom'd to go!  
 'Nay, meet not thou,' (she cries,) 'thy kindred foe!  
 'But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand!'—  
 'Ah, Gertrude! thy beloved heart, I know  
 'Would feel like mine, the stigmatizing brand,  
 'Could I forsake the cause of freedom's holy band!

## IX.

'But shame—but flight—a recreant's name to prove,  
 'To hide in exile ignominious fears;  
 'Say, ev'n if this I brook'd, the public love  
 'Thy father's bosom to his home endears:  
 'And how could I his few remaining years,  
 'My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child?'  
 So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers;  
 At last that heart to hope is half beguil'd,  
 And pale through tears suppress'd the mournful  
 beauty smil'd.

## X.

Night came,—and in their lighted bow'r, full late,  
 The joy of converse had endur'd—when hark!  
 Abrupt and loud, a summons shook their gate;  
 And heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark,  
 A form has rush'd amidst them from the dark,  
 And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor:  
 Of aged strength his limbs retain'd the mark;  
 But desolate he look'd, and famish'd poor,  
 As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desert shore.

## XI.

Upris'n, each wond'ring brow is knit and arch'd:  
 A spirit from the dead they deem him first:  
 To speak he tries; but quivering, pale, and parch'd  
 From lips, as by some pow'rless dream accurs'd,  
 Emotions unintelligible burst;  
 And long his filmed eye is red and dim;  
 At length the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst  
 Had half assuag'd, and nerv'd his shuddering limb,  
 When Albert's hand he grasp'd;—but Albert knew  
 not him—

## XII.

'And hast thou then forgot,' (he cried forlorn,  
 And ey'd the group with half indignant air)  
 'Oh! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn  
 'When I with thee the cup of peace did share?  
 'Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,

'That now is white as Appalachia's snow;  
 'But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,  
 'And age hath bow'd me, and the tort'ring foe,  
 'Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer  
 know!—

## XIII.

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,  
 Ere Henry to his lov'd Oneyda flew:  
 'Bless thee, my guide!'—but, backward, as he came,  
 The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew,  
 And grasp'd his arm, and look'd and look'd him  
 through.

'Twas strange—nor could the group a smile control—  
 The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view:—  
 At last delight o'er all his features stole,  
 'It is—my own,' he cried, and clasp'd him to his  
 soul.—

## XIV.

'Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then  
 'The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,  
 'When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd men,  
 'I bore thee like the quiver on my back,  
 'Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;  
 'Nor foemen then, nor cougar's couch I fear'd,  
 'For I was strong as mountain cataract:  
 'And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd  
 'Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts ap-  
 pear'd?

## XV.

'Then welcome be my death-song, and my death!  
 'Since I have seen thee, and again embrac'd.'  
 And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath;  
 But, with affectionate and eager haste,  
 Was every arm outstretch'd around their guest,  
 To welcome, and to bless his aged head.  
 Soon was the hospitable banquet plac'd;  
 And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed  
 On wounds with fever'd joy that more profusely bled.

## XVI.

'But this is not a time,'—he started up,  
 And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—  
 'This is no time to fill the joyous cup,  
 'The Mammoth comes,—the foe,—the Monster  
 Brandt,\*—  
 'With all his howling desolating band;—  
 'These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine  
 'Awake at once, and silence half your land.  
 'Red is the cup they drink; but not with wine:  
 'Awake, and watch to-night! or see no morning shine!'

## XVII.

'Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,  
 'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth;  
 'Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe  
 'Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:

\* Brandt was the leader of those Mohawks, and other savages, who laid waste this part of Pennsylvania.—Vide the note at the end of the volume.

' No! not the dog, that watch'd my household hearth,  
 ' Escap'd, that night of blood, upon our plains!  
 ' All perish'd!—I alone am left on earth!  
 ' To whom nor relative nor blood remains,  
 ' No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!

## XVIII.

' But go!—and rouse your warriors;—for, if right  
 ' These old bewilder'd eyes could guess, by signs  
 ' Of strip'd and starred banners, on yon height  
 ' Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines—  
 ' Some fort embattled by your country shines:  
 ' Deep roars th' innavigable gulf below  
 ' Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.  
 ' Go! seek the light its warlike beacons show;  
 ' Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe!

## XIX.

Scarce had he utter'd,—when heav'n's verge extreme  
 Reverberates the bomb's descending star,—  
 And sounds that mingled laugh,—and shout,—and  
 scream,

To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,  
 Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.  
 Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd;  
 As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;  
 While rapidly the marksman's shot prevail'd;—  
 And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wail'd.—

## XX.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung  
 The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare;  
 Or swept, far seen, the tow'r, whose clock unring,  
 Told legible that midnight of despair.

She faints,—she falters not,—th' heroic fair,—  
 As he the sword and plume in haste array'd,  
 One short embrace—he clasp'd his dearest care—  
 But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade?  
 Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through  
 the shade!

## XXI.

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,  
 Far rung the groves, and gleam'd the midnight grass  
 With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm;  
 As warriors wheel'd their culverins of brass,  
 Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,  
 Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines:  
 And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,  
 His plumed host the dark Iberian joins—  
 And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle  
 shines.

## XXII.

And in, the buskin'd hunters of the deer,  
 To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal throng:—  
 Rous'd by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,  
 Old Outalissi woke his battle song,  
 And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,

Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,  
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,  
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,  
And smile aveng'd ere yet his eagle spirit parts.—

## XXIII.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,  
Pale on his venerable brow its rays  
Of martyr light the conflagration throws;  
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,  
And one th' uncover'd crowd to silence sways;  
While, though the battle flash is faster driv'n,—  
Unaw'd, with eye unstartled by the blaze,  
He for his bleeding country prays to Heav'n,—  
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be for-  
given.

## XXIV.

Short time is now for gratulating speech;  
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began  
Thy country's flight, yon distant tow'rs to reach,  
Look'd not on thee the rudest partizan  
With brow relax'd to love! And murmurs ran  
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,  
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.  
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,  
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!



## XXV.

Past was the flight, and welcome seem'd the tow'r,  
 That like a giant standard-bearer, frown'd  
 Defiance on the roving Indian pow'r;  
 Beneath, each bold and promontory mound  
 With embrasure emboss'd, and armour crown'd,  
 And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,  
 Wove like a diadem its tracery round  
 The lofty summit of that mountain green;  
 Here stood secure the group, and ey'd a distant scene.

## XXVI.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,  
 And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;  
 And for the business of destruction done,  
 Its requiem the war-horn seem'd to blow.  
 There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!  
 The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,  
 Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of snow  
 On Waidegrave's shoulder, half within his arm  
 Enclos'd, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild  
 alarm!

## XXVII.

But short that contemplation—sad and short  
 The pause that bid each much-lov'd scene adieu!  
 Beneath the very shadow of the fort,  
 Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;  
 Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew

Was near?—yet there, with lust of murd'rous deeds,  
 Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,  
 The ambush'd foeman's eye—his volley speeds,  
 And Albert—Albert—falls! the dear old father  
 bleeds!

## XXVIII.

And trac'd in giddy horror Gertrude swoon'd;  
 Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,  
 Say, burst they, horror'd from her father's wounds,  
 These drops?—Oh God! the life-blood is her own;  
 And falt'ring, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—  
 'Weep not, O Love!'—she cries, 'to see me bleed—  
 'Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone—  
 'Heav'n's peace commiserate, for scarce I heed  
 'These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is death  
 indeed.

## XXIX.

'Clasp me a little longer, on the brink  
 'Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;  
 'And when this heart hath ceas'd to beat—oh! think,  
 'And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,  
 'That thou hast been to me all tenderness,  
 'And friend to more than human friendship just.  
 'Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,  
 'And by the hopes of an immortal trust,  
 'God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in  
 dust!

from love XXX.

‘Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,  
 ‘The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,  
 ‘Where my dear father took thee to his heart,  
 ‘And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove  
 ‘With thee, as with an angel, through the grove  
 ‘Of peace,—imagining her lot was cast  
 ‘In heav’n; for ours was not like earthly love.  
 ‘And must this parting be our very last?  
 ‘No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is  
 past.—

—drawn out taking XXXI.

‘Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,—  
 ‘And thee, more loved, than ought beneath the sun,  
 ‘If I had liv’d to smile but on the birth  
 ‘Of one dear pledge;—but shall there then be none,  
 ‘In future times—no gentle little one,  
 ‘To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me!  
 ‘Yet seems it, ev’n while life’s last pulses run,  
 ‘A sweetness in the cup of death to be,  
 ‘Lord of my bosom’s love! to die beholding thee!’

—drawn out taking XXXII.

Hush’d were his Gertrude’s lips! but still their bland  
 And beautiful expression seem’d to melt  
 With love that could not die! and still his hand  
 She presses to the heart no more that felt.  
 Ah heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,

And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.  
 Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,—  
 Of them that stood encircling his despair,  
 He heard some friendly words;—but knew not what  
 they were.

## XXXIII.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives  
 A faithful band. With solemn rites between,  
 'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,  
 And in their deaths had not divided been.  
 Touch'd by the music, and the melting scene,  
 Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd:—  
 Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen  
 To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-lov'd shroud—  
 While woman's softer soul in woe dissolv'd aloud.

## XXXIV.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid  
 Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;  
 Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid  
 His face on earth;—him watch'd in gloomy ruth,  
 His woodland guide: but words had none to sooth  
 The grief that knew not consolation's name:  
 Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,  
 He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that came  
 Convulsive, ague-like across his shuddering frame!

## XXXV.

' And I could weep;—th' Oneyda chief  
 His descant wildly thus begun;  
 ' But that I may not stain with grief  
 ' The death-song of my father's son!  
 ' Or bow this head in woe;  
 ' For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!  
 ' To-morrow Arcouski's breath,  
 ' (That fires yon heav'n with storms of death,)  
 ' Shall light us to the foe:  
 ' And we shall share, my Christian boy!  
 ' The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

## XXXVI.

' But thee, my flow'r, whose breath was giv'n  
 ' By milder genii o'er the deep,  
 ' The spirits of the white man's heav'n  
 ' Forbid not thee to weep:—  
 ' Nor will the Christian host,  
 ' Nor will thy father's spirit grieve  
 ' To see thee, on the battle's eve,  
 ' Lamenting take a mournful leave  
 ' Of her who lov'd thee most:  
 ' She was the rainbow to thy sight!  
 ' Thy sun—thy heav'n—of lost delight!—

## XXXVII.

' To-morrow let us do or die!  
 ' But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,  
 ' Ah! whither then with thee to fly,  
 ' Shall Outalissi roam the world?

' Seek we thy once-lov'd home?—  
 ' The hand is gone that eropt its flowers:  
 ' Unheard their clock repeats its hours!  
 ' Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs!  
 ' And should we thither roam,  
 ' Its echoes, and its empty tread,  
 ' Would sound like voices from the dead!

## XXXVIII.

' Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,  
 ' Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd;  
 ' And by my side, in battle true,  
 ' A thousand warriors drew the shaft?  
 ' Ah! there in desolation cold,  
 ' The desert serpent dwells alone,  
 ' Where grass o'ergrows each mould'ring bone,  
 ' And stones themselves to ruin grown,  
 ' Like me, are death-like old.  
 ' Then seek we not their camp—for there—  
 ' The silence dwells of my despair!

## XXXIX.

' But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou  
 ' In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:  
 ' Even from the land of shadows now  
 ' My father's awful ghost appears,

## XL.

- 'Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
- 'He bids my soul for battle thirst—
- 'He bids me dry the last—the first—
- 'The only tears that ever burst
- 'From Outalissi's soul;
- 'Because I may not stain with grief
- 'The death-song of an Indian chief.'

**END OF PART THIRD.**

A world of clouds (but never as still;  
The wind was sent for birds to fill—  
The birds were not the first to fill—  
The only first that ever filled—  
From Quaker's words  
I scarce I knew it when with words  
The dawn-song in no better words

THE FIRST TIME



**O'Connor's Child,**

**OR,**

**THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.**

# OF FORTNOT'S CHURCH

28

THE HISTORY OF FORTNOT'S CHURCH

## O'Connor's Child,

OR,

### THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

**O**H once the harp of Iunisfall\*  
Was strung full high to notes of gladness;  
But yet it often told a tale  
Of more prevailing sadness.  
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,  
As winds that moan at night forlorn  
Along the isles of Fion-Gael,  
When for O'Connor's child to mourn,  
The harper told, how lone, how far  
From any mansion's twinkling star,  
From any path of social men,  
Or voice, but from the fox's den,  
The Lady in the desert dwelt,  
And yet no wrongs, no fear she felt:  
Say, why should dwell in place so wild  
The lovely pale O'Connor's child?

\* The ancient name of Ireland.

## II.

Sweet lady! she no more inspires  
 Green Erin's hearts with beauty's pow'r,  
 As in the palace of her sires  
 She bloom'd a peerless flow'r.  
 Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,  
 The regal broche, the jewell'd ring,  
 That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone  
 Like dew on lilies of the spring.  
 Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne,\*  
 Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,  
 While yet in Leinster unexplor'd,  
 Her friends survive the English sword;  
 Why lingers she from Erin's host,  
 So far on Galway's shipwreck'd coast;  
 Why wanders she a huntress wild—  
 The lovely pale O'Connor's child?

## III.

And fix'd on empty space, why burn  
 Her eyes with momentary wildness;  
 And wherefore do they then return  
 To more than woman's mildness?  
 Dishevell'd are her raven locks,  
 On Connocht Moran's name she calls;  
 And oft amidst the lonely rocks  
 She sings sweet madrigals.

\* Kerne, the ancient Irish foot soldiery.

Plac'd in the foxglove and the moss,  
 Behold a parted warrior's cross!  
 That is the spot where, evermore,  
 The lady, at her shieling\* door,  
 Enjoys that in communion sweet,  
 The living and the dead can meet:  
 For lo! to love-lorn fantasy,  
 The hero of her heart is nigh.

## IV.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,  
 In Erin's yellow vesture clad,  
 A son of light—a lovely form,  
 He comes and makes her glad:  
 Now on the grass-green turf he sits,  
 His tassell'd horn beside him laid;  
 Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,  
 The hunter and the deer a shade!  
 Sweet mourner! those are shadows vain,  
 That cross the twilight of her brain;  
 Yet she will tell you, she is blest,  
 Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd,  
 More richly than in Aghrim's bow'r,  
 When bards high prais'd her beauty's pow'r,  
 And kneeling pages offer'd up  
 The morat† in a golden cup.

\* Rude hut, or cabin.

† A drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed with honey.

## V.

‘A hero’s bride! this desert bow’r,  
 ‘It ill befits thy gentle breeding:  
 ‘And wherefore dost thou love this flow’r  
 ‘To call—My love lies bleeding?’

“This purple flow’r my tears have nurs’d;  
 A hero’s blood supplied its bloom:  
 I love it, for it was the first  
 That grew on Connocht Moran’s tomb.  
 Oh! hearken, stranger, to my voice!  
 This desert mansion is my choice;  
 And blest, tho’ fatal, be the star  
 That led me to its wilds afar:  
 For here these pathless mountains free  
 Gave shelter to my love and me;  
 And every rock and every stone  
 Bare witness that he was my own.

## VI.

“O’Connor’s child, I was the bud  
 Of Erin’s royal tree of glory;  
 But woe to them that wrapt in blood  
 The tissue of my story!  
 Still as I clasp my burning brain,  
 A death-scene rushes on my sight;  
 It rises o’er and o’er again,  
 The bloody feud,—the fatal night,  
 When chafing Connocht Moran’s scorn,  
 They call’d my hero basely born;

And bade him choose a meaner bride —  
 Than from O'Connor's house of pride;  
 Their tribe, they said, their high degree,  
 Was sung in Tara's psaltery\*;  
 Witness their Eath's victorious brand†,  
 And Cathal of the bloody hand,—  
 Glory (they said) and power and honour  
 Were in the mansion of O'Connor;  
 But he, my lov'd one, bore in field  
 A meaner crest upon his shield.

# VII.

“ Ah, brothers! what did it avail,  
 That fiercely and triumphantly  
 Ye fought the English of the pale,  
 And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry?  
 And what was it to love and me,  
 That barons by your standard rode;  
 Or beal-fires‡ for your jubilee,  
 Upon an hundred mountains glow'd.  
 What tho' the lords of tower and dome  
 From Shannon to the North-Sea foam,—  
 Thought ye your iron hands of pride  
 Could break the knot that love had tied?

\* The psalter of Tara was the great national register of the ancient Irish.

† Vide the note upon the victories of the house of O'Connor.

‡ Fires lighted on May-day on the hill tops by the Irish. Vide the note on stanza VII.

No:—let the eagle change his plume,  
 The leaf its hue, the flow'r its bloom;  
 But ties around this heart were spun,  
 That could not, would not, be undone!

## VIII.

“At bleating of the wild-watch fold  
 Thus sang my love—‘O come with me:  
 ‘Our bark is on the lake: behold,  
 ‘Our steeds are fasten’d to the tree.  
 ‘Come far from Castle-Connor’s clans—  
 ‘Come with thy belted forester,  
 ‘And I, beside the lake of swans,  
 ‘Shall hunt for thee the fallow deer;  
 ‘And build thy hut and bring thee home  
 ‘The wild fowl, and the honey-comb;  
 ‘And berries from the wood provide,  
 ‘And play my clarshech\* by thy side.  
 ‘Then come, my love!’—How could I stay!  
 Our nimble stag-hounds track’d the way,  
 And I pursued by moonless skies,  
 The light of Connocht Moran’s eyes.

## IX.

“And fast and far, before the star  
 Of day-spring rush’d we thro’ the glade,  
 And saw at dawn the lofty bawn†  
 Of Castle-Connor fade.

\* The harp.

† Ancient fortification.



Sweet was to us the hermitage  
 Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore:  
 Like birds all joyous from the cage,  
 For man's neglect we lov'd it more.  
 And well he knew, my huntsman dear,  
 To search the game with hawk and spear;  
 While I, his evening food to dress,  
 Would sing to him in happiness.  
 But oh, that midnight of despair!  
 When I was doom'd to rend my hair:  
 The night, to me of shrieking sorrow!  
 The night, to him that had no morrow!

“When all was hush'd at eventide,  
 I heard the baying of their beagle:  
 Be hush'd! my Connócht Moran cried,  
 'Tis but the screaming of the eagle.  
 Alas! 'twas not the eyrie's sound,  
 Their bloody bands had track'd us out:  
 Up-list'ning starts our couchant hound—  
 And hark! again, that nearer shout  
 Brings faster on the murderers.  
 Spare—spare him—Bazil—Desmond fierce!  
 In vain—no voice the adder charms;  
 Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms!

Another's sword has laid him low—  
 Another's and another's;  
 And every hand that dealt the blow—  
 Ah me! it was a brother's!  
 Yes, when his moanings died away,  
 Their iron hands had dug the clay,  
 And o'er his burial turf they trod;  
 And I beheld—Oh God! Oh God!  
 His life-blood oozing from the sod!

XL  
 “ Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,  
 Alas! my warrior's spirit brave,  
 Nor mass nor ulla-lulla\* heard,  
 Lamenting sooth his grave,  
 Dragg'd to their hated mansion back,  
 How long in thralldom's grasp I lay,  
 I know not, for my soul was black,  
 And knew no change of night or day.  
 One night of horror round me grew;  
 Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,  
 'Twas but when those grim visages,  
 The angry brothers of my race,  
 Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,  
 And check'd my bosom's pow'r to sob,  
 Or when my heart with pulses drear,  
 Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

\* The Irish lamentation for the dead.

## XII.

"But Heav'n, at last, my soul's eclipse  
 Did with a vision bright inspire:  
 I woke, and felt upon my lips  
 A prophetess's fire.  
 Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,  
 I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,  
 And rang'd as to the judgment seat  
 My guilty, trembling brothers round.  
 Clad in the helm and shield they came;  
 For now De Bourgo's sword and flame  
 Had ravag'd Ulster's boundaries,  
 And lighted up the midnight skies.  
 The standard of O'Connor's sway  
 Was in the turret where I lay:  
 That standard, with so dire a look,  
 As ghastly shone the moon and pale,  
 I gave,—that every bosom shook  
 Beneath its iron mail.

## XIII.

"And go! I cried, the combat seek,  
 Ye hearts that unappalled bore  
 The anguish of a sister's shriek,  
 Go!—and return no more!  
 For sooner guilt the ordeal brand  
 Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold  
 The banner with victorious hand,  
 Beneath a sister's curse unrolled.

Oh stranger! by my country's loss!  
 And by my love! and by the cross!  
 I swear I never could have spoke  
 The curse that sever'd nature's yoke;  
 But that a spirit o'er me stood,  
 And fir'd me with the wrathful mood;  
 And frenzy to my heart was giv'n,  
 To speak the malison of heav'n.

## XIV.

"They would have cross'd themselves all mute,  
 They would have pray'd to burst the spell;  
 But at the stamping of my foot  
 Each hand down pow'rless fell,  
 And go to Athunree!\* I cried,  
 High lift the banner of your pride!  
 But know that where its sheet unrolls  
 The weight of blood is on your souls!  
 Go where the havoc of your kerne  
 Shall float as high as mountain fern!  
 Men shall no more your mansion know!  
 The nettles on your hearth shall grow!  
 Dead as the green oblivious flood,  
 That mantles by your walls, shall be  
 The glory of O'Connor's blood!  
 Away! away to Athunree!

\* Athunree, the battle fought in 1314, which decided the fate of Ireland.

Where downward when the sun shall fall  
 The raven's wing shall be your pall;  
 And not a vassal shall unlace  
 The vizor from your dying face!

XV.

“A bolt that overhung our dome  
 Suspended till my curse was giv'n,  
 Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam  
 Peal'd in the blood-red heav'n.  
 Dire was the look that o'er their backs  
 The angry parting brothers threw;  
 But now, behold! like cataracts,  
 Come down the hills in view  
 O'Connor's plumed partizans,  
 Thrice ten Innisfallian clans  
 Were marching to their doom:  
 A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,  
 A flash of lightning o'er them cross'd,  
 And all again was gloom;  
 But once again in heav'n the bands  
 Of thunder spirits clapt their hands.

# XVI.

“Stranger! I fled the home of grief,  
 At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;  
 I found the helmet of my chief,  
 His bow still hanging on our wall;

And took it down, and vow'd to rove it  
 This desert place a huntress bold;  
 Nor would I change my buried love  
 For any heart of living mould:  
 No! for I am a hero's child,  
 I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;  
 And still my home this mansion make,  
 Of all unheeded and unheeding,  
 And cherish, for my warrior's sake,  
 The flower of love lies bleeding."

# **Lochiel's Warning.**

**G**





## Lochiel's Warning.

### WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

#### WIZARD.

**LOCHIEL!** Lochiel, beware of the day  
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array  
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:  
 They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown  
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!  
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
 But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war  
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?  
 'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,  
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.  
 A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;  
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
 Weep, Albin!\* to death and captivity led!  
 Or weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:  
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
 Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

\* The Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

## LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!  
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight!  
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

## WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?  
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!  
 Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,  
 From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the  
 north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;  
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!  
 Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.  
 Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast  
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?  
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.  
 Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,  
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;  
 Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!  
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

## LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan:  
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!

They are true to the last of their blood and their  
 breath,  
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!  
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!  
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;  
 When her bonnetted chieftains to victory crowd,  
 Clamanald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;  
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

**WIZARD.**

——Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!  
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal:  
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
 And coming events cast their shadows before.  
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
 With the bloodhounds, that bark for thy fugitive king.  
 Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,  
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!  
 Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my  
 sight:  
 Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!  
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the  
 moors;  
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores;

\* Alluding to the perilous escape of Charles from the west of Scotland.

But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?  
 Ah no! for a darker departure is near;  
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;  
 His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!  
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
 Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to  
     beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

### LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:  
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in  
     their gore,  
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!  
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

## SPECIMENS

## TRANSLATION FROM MEDEA.

Σκαιὺς δὲ λεγὼν, καδὲν τι σοφὺς

Τὺς προσδε βροτῆς ἔκ ἀν ἀμαρτοῖς.

Medea, v. 194, p. 33, Glasg. edit.

**T**ELL me, ye bards, whose skill sublime  
 First charm'd the ear of youthful Time,  
 With numbers wrapt in heav'nly fire;  
 Who bade delighted Echo swell  
 The trembling transports of the lyre,  
 The murmur of the shell,—  
 Why to the burst of Joy alone  
 Accords sweet Music's soothing tone?  
 Why can no bard, with magic strain,  
 In slumbers steep the heart of pain?  
 While varied tones obey your sweep,  
 The mild, the plaintive, and the deep,

5

10

Bends not despairing Grief to hear  
 Your golden lute, with ravish'd ear?  
 Oh! has your sweetest shell no power to bind 15  
 The fiercer pangs that shake the mind,  
 And lull the wrath, at whose command  
 Murder bares her gory hand?  
 When flush'd with joy, the rosy throng  
 Weave the light dance, ye swell the song! 20  
 Cease, ye vain warblers! cease to charm  
 The breast with other raptures warm!  
 Cease! till your hand with magic strain  
 In slumbers steep the heart of pain!

## Speech of the Chorus

IN

### THE SAME TRAGEDY,

To dissuade Medea from her purpose of putting her children  
to death, and flying for protection to Athens.

**O** HAGGARD queen! to Athens dost thou guide  
Thy glowing chariot, steep'd in kindred gore;  
Or seek to hide thy damned parricide  
Where Peace and Mercy dwell for evermore!

The land where Truth, pure, precious, and sublime,  
Woos the deep silence of sequester'd bowers;  
And warriors, matchless since the first of Time,  
Rear their bright banners o'er unconquer'd towers!

Where joyous Youth, to Music's mellow strain,  
Twines in the dance with Nymphs for ever fair, 10  
While Spring eternal, on the lilled plain,  
Waves amber radiance through the fields of air!

The tuneful Nine (so sacred legends tell)

First wak'd their heavenly lyre these scenes among;  
Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell; 15  
Still in your vales they swell the choral song!

For there the tuneful, chaste, Pierian fair,

The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus now,  
Sprung from Harmonia, while her graceful hair  
Wav'd in bright auburn o'er her polish'd brow! 20

### ANTISTROPHE I.

Where silent vales, and glades of green array,  
The murm'ring wreaths of cool Cephissus lave,  
There, as the Muse hath sung, at noon of day,  
The Queen of Beauty bow'd to taste the wave;

And blest the stream, and breath'd across the land, 25  
The soft sweet gale that fans yon summer bowers;  
And there the sister Loves, a smiling band,  
Crown'd with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers!

"And go, (she cries) in yonder valleys rove,  
With Beauty's torch the solemn scenes illumine; 30  
Wake in each eye the radiant light of Love,  
Breathe on each cheek young Passion's tender  
bloom!



Entwine, with myrtle chains, your soft control,  
 To sway the hearts of Freedom's darling kind!  
 With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom's soul,  
 And mould to grace ethereal Virtue's mind."

## STROPHE II.

The land where Heaven's own hallow'd waters play,  
 Where friendship binds the generous and the good,  
 Say, shall it hail thee from thy frantic way,  
 Unholy woman! with thy hands imbrued

In thine own children's gore!—Oh! ere they bleed,  
 Let Nature's voice thy ruthless heart appal!  
 Pause at the bold, irrevocable deed—  
 The mother strikes—the guiltless babes shall fall!

Think what remorse thy maddening thoughts shall  
 sting,

When dying pangs their gentle bosoms tear;  
 Where shalt thou sink, when ling'ring echoes ring.  
 The screams of horror in thy tortur'd ear!

No! let thy bosom melt to Pity's cry,—

In dust we kneel—by sacred Heaven implore—  
 O! stop thy lifted arm, ere yet they die,  
 Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore!

## ANTISTROPHE II.

Say, how shalt thou that barb'rous soul assume,  
 Undamp'd by horror at the daring plan?  
 Hast thou a heart to work thy children's doom? 55  
 Or hands to finish what thy wrath began?

When o'er each babe you look a last adieu,  
 And gaze on innocence that smiles asleep,  
 Shall no fond feeling beat, to nature true,  
 Charm thee to pensive thought—and bid thee  
 weep? 60

When the young suppliants clasp their parent dear,  
 Heave the deep sob, and pour the artless prayer,—  
 Ay! thou shalt melt;—and many a heartshed tear  
 Gush o'er the harden'd features of despair!

Nature shall throb in ev'ry tender string,— 65  
 Thy trembling heart the ruffian's task deny;—  
 Thy horror-smitten hands afar shall fling  
 The blade, undrench'd in blood's eternal dye!

## CHORUS.

Hallow'd Earth! with indignation  
 Mark, oh mark, the murd'rous deed! 70  
 Radiant eye of wide creation,  
 Watch the damned parricide!

Yet, ere Colchia's rugged daughter  
 Perpetrate the dire design,  
 And consign to kindred slaughter  
 Children of thy golden line;

75

Shall the hand, with murder gory,  
 Cause immortal blood to flow?  
 Sun of Heav'n!—array'd in glory!  
 Rise,—forbid,—avert the blow!

80

In the vales of placid gladness  
 Let no rueful maniac range;  
 Chase afar the fiend of Madness,  
 Wrest the dagger from Revenge!

Say, hast thou, with kind protection,  
 Rear'd thy smiling race in vain;  
 Fost'ring Nature's fond affection,  
 Tender cares, and pleasing pain?

85

Hast thou, on the troubled ocean,  
 Brav'd the tempest loud and strong,  
 Where the waves, in wild commotion,  
 Roar Cyanean rocks among?

90

Didst thou roam the paths of danger,  
 Hymenean joys to prove?  
 Spare, O sanguinary stranger,  
 Pledges of thy sacred love!

95

Shall not Heaven, with indignation,  
Watch thee o'er the barb'rous deed?  
Shalt thou cleanse, with expiation,  
Monstrous, murd'rous, parricide?

100

# Love and Madness.

## AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN 1795.

**H**ARK! from the battlements of yonder tower\*  
The solemn bell has toll'd the midnight hour!  
Rous'd from dear visions of distemper'd sleep,  
Poor B——k wakes—in solitude to weep!

“Cease, Mem'ry, cease (the friendless mourner  
cry'd) 5

To probe the bosom too severely tried!  
Oh! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray  
Through the bright fields of Fortune's better day:  
When youthful hope, the music of the mind,  
Tun'd all its charms, and E——n was kind! 10

“Yet, can I cease, while glows this trembling  
frame,

In sighs to speak thy melancholy name?

\* Warwick castle.

I hear thy spirit wail in every storm!  
 In midnight shades I view thy passing form!  
 Pale as in that sad hour, when doom'd to feel, 15  
 Deep in thy perjur'd heart the bloody steel!

“Demons of Vengeance! ye at whose command  
 I grasp'd the sword with more than woman's hand,  
 Say ye, did Pity's trembling voice control,  
 Or horror damp the purpose of my soul? 20  
 No! my wild heart sat smiling o'er the plan,  
 Till Hate fulfill'd what baffled Love began!

“Yes; let the clay-cold breast, that never knew  
 One tender pang to generous Nature true,  
 Half mingling pity with the gall of scorn, 25  
 Condemn this heart that bled in love forlorn!

“And ye, proud fair, whose soul no gladness  
 warms,  
 Save Rapture's homage to your conscious charms!  
 Delighted idols of a gaudy train!  
 Ill can your blunter feelings guess the pain, 30  
 When the fond faithful heart, inspir'd to prove  
 Friendship refin'd, the calm delight of love,  
 Feels all its tender strings with anguish torn,  
 And bleeds at perjur'd Pride's inhuman scorn!

“Say, then, did pitying Heav'n condemn the deed,  
 When Vengeance bade thee, faithless lover! bleed?

Long had I watch'd thy dark foreboding brow,  
 What time thy bosom scorn'd its dearest vow!  
 Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover chang'd,  
 Still thy cold look was scornful and estrang'd, 40  
 Till from thy pity, love, and shelter thrown,  
 I wander'd, hopeless, friendless, and alone!

“Oh! righteous Heav'n! 'twas then my tortur'd  
 soul  
 First gave to wrath unlimited control!  
 Adieu the silent look! the streaming eye! 45  
 The murmur'd plaint! the deep heart-heaving sigh!  
 Long slumb'ring Vengeance wakes to better deeds;  
 He shrieks, he falls, the perjur'd Lover bleeds!  
 Now the last laugh of agony is o'er,  
 And pale in blood he sleeps, to wake no more! 50

“'Tis done! the flame of hate no longer burns;  
 Nature relents; but, ah! too late returns!  
 Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel?  
 Trembling and faint, I drop the guilty steel!  
 Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies, 55  
 And shades of horror close my languid eyes!—

“Oh! 'twas a deed of Murder's deepest grain!  
 Could B——k's soul so true to wrath remain?  
 A friend long true, a once fond lover fell!—  
 Where Love was foster'd, could not Pity dwell? 60

" Unhappy youth! while yon pale crescent glows,  
 To watch on silent Nature's deep repose,  
 Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,  
 Foretells my fate, and summons me to come!  
 Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,  
 Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand!

" Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame  
 Forsake its languid melancholy frame!  
 Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close,  
 Welcome the dreamless night of long repose!  
 Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourn!  
 Where, lull'd to slumber, Grief forgets to mourn!"



## Gilderoy.

**THE** last, the fatal hour is come,  
That bears my love from me;  
I hear the dead note of the drum,  
I mark the gallows tree!

The bell has toll'd; it shakes my heart;  
The trumpet speaks thy name;  
And must my Gilderoy depart  
To bear a death of shame?

No bosom trembles for thy doom;  
No mourner wipes a tear;  
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,  
The sledge is all thy bier!

Oh, Gilderoy! bethought we then  
So soon, so sad, to part,  
When first in Roslin's lovely glen  
You triumph'd o'er my heart?

Your locks they glitter'd to the sheen,  
 Your hunter garb was trim;  
 And graceful was the ribbon green  
 That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore  
 These limbs in fetters bound;  
 Or hear, upon thy scaffold floor,  
 The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combin'd  
 The guiltless to pursue;  
 My Gilderoy was ever kind,  
 He could not injure you!

A long adieu! but where shall fly  
 Thy widow all forlorn,  
 When every mean and cruel eye  
 Regards my woe with scorn?

Yes! they will mock thy widow's tears,  
 And hate thine orphan boy;  
 Alas! his infant beauty wears  
 The form of Gilderoy!

Then will I seek the dreary mound  
 That wraps thy mouldering clay;  
 And weep and linger on the ground,  
 And sigh my heart away.

## SONG.

**MY** mind is my kingdom, but if thou wilt deign  
A queen there to sway without measure;  
Then come, o'er its wishes and homage to reign,  
And make it an empire of pleasure.

Then of thoughts and emotions each mutinous crowd,  
That rebell'd at stern reason and duty;  
Returning—shall yield all their loyalty proud  
To the Halcyon dominion of beauty.

THE

## Beech Tree's Petition.

**O**H leave this barren spot to me,  
Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree.  
Though shrub or flow'ret never grow,  
My wan unwanning shade below,  
Nor fruits of autumn blossom born  
My green and glossy leaves adorn,  
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive  
The ambrosial treasures of the hive,  
Yet leave this little spot to me,  
Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree.

Thrice twenty summers I have stood  
In bloomless fruitless solitude;  
Since childhood in my rustling bower  
First spent its sweet and sportive hour,  
Since youthful lovers in my shade  
Their vows of truth and rapture paid,  
And on my trunk's surviving frame  
Carv'd many a long forgotten name.

Oh, by the vows of gentle sound  
 First breath'd upon this sacred ground,  
 By all that Love hath whisper'd here,  
 Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear,  
 As Love's own altar honour me,  
 Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree.

erent  
 mast

## Hohenlinden.

**O**N Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat, at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n,  
Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n,  
And louder than the bolts of heaven,  
Far flash'd the red artillery.

And redder yet those fires shall glow,  
 On Linden's hills of blood-stain'd snow,  
 And darker yet shall be the flow  
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon lurid sun  
 Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
 Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
 Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!  
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Ah! few shall part where many meet!  
 The snow shall be their winding sheet,  
 And every turf beneath their feet,  
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.\*

\* The above poem has been variously printed in different editions: the Editor has chosen the reading he considers most spirited and elegant.

# Ye Mariners of England.

## A NAVAL ODE.

### I.

**YE** Mariners of England!  
That guard our native seas:  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle and the breeze!  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe!  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

### II.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave!—  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And Ocean was their grave:



Where Blake and mighty Nelson felt  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.

## III.

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
 No towers along the steep;  
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
 Her home is on the deep.  
 With thunders from her native oak,  
 She quells the floods below—  
 As they roar on the shore,  
 When the stormy tempests blow;  
 When the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.

## IV.

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn;  
 Till danger's troubled night depart,  
 And the star of peace return.  
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors!  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceas'd to blow;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceas'd to blow.

## Glenara.

**O** HEARD ye yon pibrach sound sad in the gale,  
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and  
wail?

'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;  
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;  
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud:  
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:  
They march'd all in silence—they look'd on the  
ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,  
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and  
hoar;

'Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn:  
'Why speak ye no word?'—said Glenara the stern.

'And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,  
'Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your  
brows?'

So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,  
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,'  
 Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and  
 loud;  
 'And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem:  
 'Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,  
 When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady was  
 seen;  
 When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in  
 scorn,  
 'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of  
 Lorn:

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,  
 'I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief:  
 'On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;  
 'Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
 And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found,  
 From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,  
 Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

## Battle of the Baltic.

### I.

**O**F Nelson and the North,  
Sing the glorious day's renown,  
When to battle fierce came forth  
All the might of Denmark's crown,  
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;  
By each gun the lighted brand,  
In a bold determined hand,  
And the Prince of all the land  
Led them on.—

### II.

Like leviathans afloat,  
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;  
While the sign of battle flew  
On the lofty British line:  
It was ten of April morn by the chime:  
As they drifted on their path,  
There was silence deep as death;  
And the boldest held his breath,  
For a time.—

## III.

But the might of England flush'd  
 'To anticipate the scene;  
 And her van the fleetest rush'd  
 O'er the deadly space between.  
 'Hearts of oak,' our captains cried; when each  
     gun  
 From its adamantine lips  
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
 Like the hurricane eclipse  
 Of the sun.—

## IV.

Again! again! again!  
 And the havoc did not slack,  
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
 To our cheering sent us back;—  
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—  
 Then ceas'd—and all is wail,  
 As they strike the shatter'd sail;  
 Or, in conflagration pale,  
 Light the gloom.—

## V.

Outspoke the victor then,  
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave,  
 'Ye are brothers! ye are men!  
 'And we conquer but to save:—

'So peace instead of death let us bring.  
 'But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
 'With the crews, at England's feet,  
 'And make submission meet  
 'To our king.'—

## VI.

Then Denmark blest our chief,  
 That he gave her wounds repose;  
 And the sounds of joy and grief,  
 From her people wildly rose;  
 As death withdrew his shades from the day.  
 While the sun look'd smiling bright  
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
 Where the fires of fun'ral light  
 Died away.—

## VII.

Now joy, old England, raise!  
 For the tidings of thy might,  
 By the festal cities' blaze,  
 While the wine cup shines in light;  
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
 Let us think of them that sleep,  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 By thy wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore!—

## VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride  
Once so faithful and so true,  
On the deck of fame that died,—  
With the gallant good Riou:\*  
Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave!  
While the billow mournful rolls,  
And the mermaid's song condoles,  
Singing glory to the souls  
Of the brave!—

\* Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

## Lord Ullin's Daughter.

**A** CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!

'And I'll give thee a silver pound,

'To row us o'er the ferry.'—

'Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,

'This dark and stormy water?'—

'Oh I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,

'And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

'And fast before her father's men

'Three days we've fled together,

'For should he find us in the glen,

'My blood would stain the heather.

'His horsemen hard behind us ride;

'Should they our steps discover,

'Then who will cheer my bonny bride

'When they have slain her lover?'—



Outspoke the hardy Highland wight

‘I’ll go, my chief—I’m ready:—

‘It is not for your silver bright;

‘But for your winsome lady:

‘And by my word! the bonny bird

‘In danger shall not tarry;

‘So, though the waves are raging white;

‘I’ll row you o’er the ferry.’—

By this the storm grew loud apace,

The water-wraith was shrieking; \*

And in the scowl of heav’n each face

Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,

And as the night grew drearer,

Adown the glen rode armed men,

Their trampling sounded nearer.—

‘Oh haste thee, haste!’ the lady cries,

‘Though tempests round us gather;

‘I’ll meet the raging of the skies:

The boat has left a stormy land,  
 A stormy sea before her,—  
 When oh! too strong for human hand,  
 The tempest gather'd o'er her.—

And still they row'd amidst the roar  
 Of waters fast prevailing:  
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,  
 His wrath was chang'd to wailing.—

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade  
 His child he did discover:  
 One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,  
 And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,  
 Across this stormy water:  
 'And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
 'My daughter!—oh my daughter!—'

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
 Return or aid preventing:—  
 The wailing boat went o'er his

## LINES

## ON THE

## Grave of a Suicide.

**BY** strangers left upon a lonely shore,  
 Unknown, unhonour'd, was the friendless dead:  
 For child to weep, or widow to deplore,  
 There never came to his unburied head—  
 All from his dreary habitation fled.  
 Nor will the lantern'd fisherman at eve  
 Lanch on that water by the witches' tow'r,  
 Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave  
 Round its dark vaults a melancholy bow'r,  
 For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour.

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate!  
 Whose crime it was, on life's unfinish'd road  
 To feel the stepdame buffetings of fate,  
 And render back thy being's heavy load.  
 Ah! once, perhaps, the social passions glow'd

In thy devoted bosom—and the hand  
That smote its kindred heart, might yet be prone  
To deeds of mercy. Who may understand  
Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown?—  
He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone.

## Ode to Winter.

**W**HEN first the fiery-mantled sun  
His heavenly race began to run,  
Round the earth and ocean blue,  
His children four the Seasons flew.

First, in green apparel dancing,  
The young Spring smil'd with angel grace;  
Rosy Summer next advancing,  
Rush'd into her sire's embrace:  
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep  
For ever nearest to his smiles,  
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,  
On India's citron-cover'd isles:  
More remote and luxuriant-brown,  
The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne;  
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,  
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar,  
To hills that prop the polar star,  
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,  
With barren darkness by his side.

Round the shore where loud Lofoden

Whirls to death the roaring whale,

Round the hall where Runic Odin

Howls his war-song to the gale;

Save when adown the ravag'd globe

He travels on his native storm,

Deflow'ring nature's grassy robe,

And trampling on her faded form:—

Till light's returning lord assume

The shaft that drives him to his polar field,

Of power to pierce his raven plume,

And crystal cover'd shield.

Oh, sire of storms! whose savage ear

The Lapland drum delights to hear,

When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye

Implores thy dreadful deity.

Archangel! power of desolation!

Fast descending as thou art,

Say, hath mortal invocation

Spells to touch thy stony heart?

Then sullen Winter hear my prayer,

And gently rule the ruin'd year;

Nor chill the wand'rer's bosom bare,

Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;—

To shuddering want's unmantled bed,

Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,

And gently on the orphan head

Of innocence descend.—

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!

'The sailor on his airy shrouds:

When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,

And spectres walk along the deep.

Milder yet thy snowy breezes

Pour on yonder tented shores,

Where the Rhine's broad billows freezes,

Or the dark-brown Danube roars.

Oh winds of winter! list ye there

To many a deep and dying groan;

Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,

At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.

Alas! ev'n your unhallow'd breath

May spare the victim, fallen low;

But man will ask no truce to death,—

No bounds to human woe.\*

\* This ode was written in Germany, at the close of 1800, before the conclusion of hostilities.

## THE

**Soldier's Dream.**

**O**UR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had  
low'r'd,

And the centinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpow'r'd,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track;  
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields travers'd so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers  
sung.



Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends never to  
part;

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn:—  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;  
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THE

## Turkish Lady.

'TWAS the hour when rites unholy  
 Call'd each Paynim voice to pray'r,  
 And the star that faded slowly  
 Left to dew's the freshen'd air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,  
 Calm and sweet the moonlight rose;  
 Ev'n a captive's spirit tasted  
 Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace  
 Came an eastern lady bright:  
 She, in spite of tyrants jealous,  
 Saw and lov'd an English knight.

'Tell me, captive, why in anguish  
 'Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,  
 'Where poor Christians as they languish  
 'Hear no sound of sabbath bell?'—

‘ ’Twas on Transylvania’s Bannat

‘ When the crescent shone afar,

‘ Like a pale disastrous planet

‘ O’er the purple tide of war—

‘ In that day of desolation,

‘ Lady, I was captive made;

‘ Bleeding for my Christian nation

‘ By the walls of high Belgrade.’

‘ Captive! could the brightest jewel

‘ From my turban set thee free?’—

‘ Lady, no!—the gift were cruel,

‘ Ransom’d, yet if left of thee.

‘ Say, fair princess! would it grieve thee

‘ Christian climes should we behold?’—

‘ Nay, bold knight! I would not leave thee

‘ Were thy ransom paid in gold!’

Now in Heav’n’s blue expansion

Rose the midnight star to view,

When to quit her father’s mansion,

Thrice she wept, and bade adieu!

'Fly we then, while none discover!

'Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride!

Soon at Rhodes the British lover

Clasp'd his blooming Eastern bride.

## Exile of Erin.

**T**HERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:  
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing  
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.  
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,  
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not to me.  
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,  
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet  
hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin my country! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;  
But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!

Oh cruel fate! will thou never replace me  
 In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me  
 Never again, shall my brothers embrace me?  
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?  
 Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?  
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?  
 And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?  
 Oh! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,  
 Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure!  
 Tears, like the rain drop, may fall without measure  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,  
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:  
 Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!  
 Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
 Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean!  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devo-  
 tion—

Erin mavournin!—Erin go bragh!\*

\* Ireland my darling—Ireland for ever.

## LINES

Written at the request of the Highland Society in London,  
when met to commemorate the 21st of March, the day of  
victory in Egypt.

**PLEDGE** to the much lov'd land that gave us birth  
Invincible romantic Scotia's shore!

Pledge to the memory of her parted worth!

And first, amid the brave, remember Moore!

And be it deem'd not wrong that name to give,

In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's sigh!

Who would not envy such as Moore to live?

And died he not as heroes wish to die?

Yes, though too soon attaining glory's goal,

To us his bright career too short was giv'n;

Yet in a mighty cause his phœnix soul

Rose on the flames of victory to Heav'n!

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain

One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn

For him!—how oft on far Cornunna's plain

Shall British exiles weep upon his urn!

Peace to the mighty dead!—our bosom-thanks  
 In sprightlier strains the living may inspire!  
 Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,  
 Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire!

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurl'd,  
 Dear symbol wild! on freedom's hills it grows,  
 Where Fingal stemm'd the tyrants of the world,  
 And Roman eagles found unconquer'd foes.

Joy to the band\* this day on Egypt's coast  
 Whose valour tam'd proud France's tricolor,  
 And wrench'd the banner from her bravest host,  
 Baptiz'd Invincible in Austria's gore!

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand,  
 When bayonet to bayonet oppos'd,  
 First of Britannia's hosts her Highland band  
 Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost clos'd

Is there a son of generous England here  
 Or fervid Erin?—he with us shall join,  
 To pray that in eternal union dear,  
 The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine!

\* The 42d Regiment.



**Types of a race who shall th' invader scorn,  
As rocks resist the billows round their shore;  
Types of a race who shall to time unborn  
Their country leave unconquered as of yore!**

# **LINES**

**WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHERE.**

**AT the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,  
 I have mus'd in a sorrowful mood,  
 On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower,  
 Where the home of my forefathers stood.  
 All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,  
 And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree;  
 And travelled by few is the grass-cover'd road,  
 Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode  
 To his hills that encircle the sea.**

**Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,  
 By the dial stone aged and green,  
 One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,  
 To mark where a garden had been.  
 Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,  
 All wild in the silence of Nature, it drew,  
 From each wandering sun-beam, a lonely embrace,  
 For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the  
   place,  
 Where the flower of my forefathers grew.**

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all  
 That remains in this desolate heart!  
 The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall;  
 But patience shall never depart!  
 Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and  
 bright,  
 In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd,  
 With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,  
 Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,  
 And leave but a desert behind.  
 Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns  
 When the faint and the feeble deplore;  
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems  
 A thousand wild waves on the shore!  
 Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of dis-  
 dain,  
 May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate!  
 Yea! even the name I have worshipped in vain  
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again;  
 To bear is to conquer our fate.

## Patriotic Stanzas

Composed and recited at a meeting of North Britons, in  
London, on Monday, the 8th of August, 1803.

**O**UR bosoms we'll bare to the glorious strife,  
And our oath is recorded on high,  
To prevail in the Cause that is dearer than life,  
Or, crushed in its ruins to die.  
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right  
hand,  
And swear to prevail in your dear native land.

'Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust.  
God bless the green Isle of the brave!  
Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,  
It would raise the old dead from their grave.  
Then rise, &c.

In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide,  
Profaning its loves and its charms?  
Shall a *Frenchman* insult a lov'd fair at our side?  
To arms—O my Country, to arms!—  
Then rise, &c.

Shall tyrants enslave us, my countrymen?—No—

Their heads to the sword shall be given;

Let a death-bed repentance await the proud foe,

And his blood be an offering to Heaven!

Then rise, &c.

# CAROLINE.

## PART I.

I'LL bid my hyacinth to blow,  
I'll teach my grotto green to be;  
And sing my true love, all below  
The holly bower, and myrtle tree.

There, all his wild-wood scents to bring,  
The sweet South Wind shall wander by;  
And, with the music of his wing,  
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,  
Thou spirit of a milder clime!  
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,  
Of mountain heath and meory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,  
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,  
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,  
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has play'd,  
 Whatever Isles of ocean fann'd,  
 Come to my blossom-woven shade,  
 Thou wandering wind of fairy land!

For sure from some enchanted Isle,  
 Where Heav'n and love their sabbath hold,  
 Where pure and happy spirits smile,  
 Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould;

From some green Eden of the deep,  
 Where pleasure's sigh alone is heav'd,  
 Where tears of rapture lovers weep,  
 Endear'd, undoubting, undeceived;

From some sweet Paradise afar,  
 Thy music wanders, distant, lost;  
 Where nature lights her leading star,  
 And love is never, never cross'd.

Oh! gentle gale of Eden bowers,  
 If back thy rosy feet should roam,  
 To revel with the cloudless hours,  
 In nature's more propitious home—

Name to thy lov'd Elysian groves,  
 That o'er enchanted spirits twine,  
 A fairer form than cherub loves,  
 And let the name be *Caroline*.



# CAROLINE.

## PART II.

**G**EM of the crimson-coloured even,

Companion of retiring day,

Why at the closing gates of heaven,

Beloved star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,

When soft the tear of twilight flows,

So due thy plighted step returns,

To chambers brighter than the rose;

To peace, to pleasure, and to love

So kind a star thou seem'st to be,

Sure some enamour'd orb above

Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,

When all unheavenly passions fly;

Chased by the soul-subduing power

Of love's delicious witchery.

Oh! sacred to the fall of day,  
 Queen of propitious stars, appear!  
 And early rise, and long delay,  
 When *Caroline* herself is here.

*CAROLINE*

Shine on her chosen green resort,  
 Where trees the sunward summit crown;  
 And wanton flowers, that well may court  
 An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,  
 Thou star of evening's purple dome!  
 That lead'st the nightingale abroad,  
 And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine, where my charmer's sweeter breath  
 Embalms thy soft exhaling dew;  
 Where dying winds a sigh bequeath  
 To kiss her cheek of rosy hue.

Where, winnow'd by the gentle air,  
 Her silken tresses darkly flow,  
 And fall upon her brows so fair,  
 Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline  
In converse sweet to wander far,  
Oh! bring with thee my *Caroline*,  
And thou shalt be my ruling star!

There is a great deal of  
 interest in the  
 subject of the  
 and how well it is

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# **NOTES.**

NO. 18

# NOTES

ON THE

## PLEASURES OF HOPE.

### PART I.

Note (a). *And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore*

*The hardy Byron to his native shore.*

The following picture of his own distress, given by Byron in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description in page 33.

After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus:—"A day or two after, we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow, that the Indians were obliged to take every thing out of their canoes, and carry it over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward, and then to the northward: here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being a perfect swamp; and we

had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were a little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night as we had frequently done, under a tree; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar, without any kind of nourishment except the wretched root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short grieko (something like a bear-skin,) a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trowsers, without shoes or stockings."

Note (b). *A Briton and a friend.*

Don Patricio Gedda, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the Commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

Note (c). *Oryield the lyre of heav'n another string.*

The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets.



Herschel, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

Note (d). *The Swedish sage.*

Linnæus.

Note (e). *Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow.*

Loxias is a name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers: it is met with more than once in the Chæphoræ of Æschylus.

Note (f). *Unlocks a generous store at thy command, Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.*

See Exodus, chap. xvii. 3, 5, 6.

Note (i). *Wild Obi flies.*

Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi or Obiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have therefore personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirits of their religious creed by a different appellation.

Note (g). *Sibir's dreary mines.*

Mr. Bell of Antermony, in his Travels through Siberia, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

Note (h). *Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!*

The history of the partition of Poland, of the

massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw, and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature, by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven, for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

Note (k). *The shrill horn blew.*

The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or a horn.

Note (l). *How long was Timur's iron sceptre sway'd?*

To elucidate this passage, I shall subjoin a quotation from the Preface to Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, a work of elegance and celebrity.

“The imposter of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it, either by persuasion, or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history.

“The same overwhelming torrent, which had inundated the greater part of Africa, burst its way into the very heart of Europe, and covered many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baleful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the ravages of war, found the great end of their conquests opposed, by objects which

neither the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope, that by the destruction of a part, the remainder might be persuaded, or terrified, into the profession of Mahomedism; but all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced, that though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea, with which they had entered upon their career of conquest and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan."

Letters from a Hindoo Rajah, by Eliza Hamilton.

Note (m). *And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape.*

See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from Camoens, by Mickle.

Note (n). *While famish'd nations died along the shore.*

The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage. After describing the monopoly of salt, betel nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus:—"Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would

rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk;—they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt—scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied.”

Short History of English Transactions in the East Indies, page 145.

Note (o). *Nine times hath Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd*

*His awful presence o'er the prostrate world!*

Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the Deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. Avatar is the word used to express his descent.

Note (p). *And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime.*

Camdeo is the God of Love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the Pagan deities Janus and Minerva.

# NOTES

ON THE

## PLEASURES OF HOPE.

### PART II.

Note (a). *The noon of Manhood to a myrtle shade!*

Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade.—DRYDEN.

Note. (b). *Thy woes, Arion!*

Falconer in his poem *The Shipwreck* speaks of himself by the name of Arion.—See Falconer's *Shipwreck*, Canto III.

Note (c). *The robber Moor.*

See Schiller's tragedy of the Robbers, scene v.

Note (d). *What millions died that Cæsar might  
be great.*

The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar has been usually estimated at two millions of men.

Note (e). *Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands  
bore,*

*March'd by their Charles to Dneiper's  
swampy shore.*

In this extremity (says the biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa,) the memorable win-

ter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that two thousand men fell down dead with cold before his eyes.

Note (f). *As on Ionia's height.*

The natives of the island of Iona have an opinion, that on certain evenings every year the tutelary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church spires counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

Note (g). *And part, like Ajut,—never to return!*

See the history of Ajut and Anningait in the Rambler.

# NOTES

ON

## Gertrude of Wyoming.

### PART I.

#### Stanza 3. l. 6.

*From merry mock-bird's song.*

THE mockingbird is of the form, but larger, than the thrush; and the colours are a mixture of black, white, and grey. What is said of the nightingale, by its greatest admirers, is, what may with more propriety apply to this bird, who, in a natural state, sings with very superior taste. Towards evening I have heard one begin softly, reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which, by this means, had a most astonishing effect. A gentleman in London had one of these birds for six years. During the space of a minute he was heard to imitate the woodlark, chaffinch, blackbird, thrush, and sparrow. In this country (America) I have frequently known the mockingbirds so engaged in this mimicry, that it was with much difficulty I could ever obtain an opportunity of hearing their own natural note. Some go so far as to say, that they have neither peculiar notes, nor favourite imitations. This may be denied. Their few natural notes resemble those of the (European) nightingale. Their song, however, has a greater compass and volume than the nightingale,

and they have the faculty of varying all intermediate notes in a manner which is truly delightful.—  
**ASHE's Travels in America, Vol. II. p. 73.**

Stanza 5. l. 9.

*Or distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan  
 roar.*

The Corybrechtan, or Corbrechtan, is a whirlpool on the western coast of Scotland, near the island of Jura, which is heard at a prodigious distance. Its name signifies the whirlpool of the prince of Denmark; and there is a tradition that a Danish prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen instead of hempen ropes, for greater strength, but perished in the attempt. On the shores of Argyleshire I have often listened with great delight to the sound of this vortex, at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, its sound, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent and fine effect.

Stanza 13. l. 4.

*Of buskin'd limb and swarthy lineament.*

In the Indian tribes there is great similarity in their colour, stature, &c. They are all, except the Snake Indians, tall in stature, straight and robust. It is very seldom they are deformed, which has given rise to the supposition that they put to death their deformed children. Their skin is of a copper colour; their eyes large, bright black, and sparkling, indicative of a subtle and discerning mind: their hair is of the same colour, and prone to long, seldom or



never curled. Their teeth are large and white; I never observed any decayed among them, which makes their breath as sweet as the air they inhale.—*Travels through America by Captains LEWIS and CLARKE, in 1804-5-6.*

Stanza 14. l. 6.

*Peace be to thee—my words this belt approve.*

The Indians of North America accompany every formal address to strangers, with whom they form or recognise a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt, of wampum. Wampum (says Cadwallader Colden) is made of the large whelk shell, *Briccinium*, and shaped like long beads: it is the current money of the Indians.—*History of the five Indian Nations*, page 34. New-York edition.

Stanza 14. l. 7.

*The paths of peace my steps have hither led.*

In relating an interview of Mohawk Indians with the governor of New-York, Colden quotes the following passage as a specimen of their metaphorical manner: "Where shall I seek the chair of peace? Where shall I find it but upon our path? and whither doth our path lead us but unto this house?"

Stanza 15. l. 2.

*Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace.*

When they solicit the alliance, offensive or defensive, of a whole nation, they send an embassy with a large belt of wampum and a bloody hatchet, inviting them to come and drink the blood of their enemies. The wampum made use of on these and other occasions before their acquaintance with the

Europeans, was nothing but small shells which they picked up by the sea-coasts, and on the banks of the lakes; and now it is nothing but a kind of cylindrical beads, made of shells, white and black, which are esteemed among them as silver and gold are among us. The black they call the most valuable, and both together are their greatest riches and ornaments; these among them answering all the end that money does amongst us. They have the art of stringing, twisting, and interweaving them into their belts, collars, blankets, and moccasins, &c. in ten thousand different sizes, forms, and figures, so as to be ornaments for every part of dress, and expressive to them of all their important transactions. They dye the wampum of various colours and shades, and mix and dispose them with great ingenuity and order, and so as to be significant among themselves of almost every thing they please; so that by these their words are kept, and their thoughts communicated to one another, as ours are by writing. The belts that pass from one nation to another in all treaties, declarations, and important transactions, are very carefully preserved in the cabins of their chiefs, and serve not only as a kind of record or history, but as a public treasure.—Major ROGERS's account of North America.

Stanza 17. l. 5.

*As when the evil Manitou.*

It is certain that the Indians acknowledge one supreme being, or giver of life, who presides over all things; that is the great Spirit; and they look up to him as the source of good, from whence no evil can proceed. They also believe in a bad Spirit, to whom they ascribe great power; and suppose that

through his power all the evils which befall mankind are inflicted. To him therefore they pray in their distresses, begging that he would either avert their troubles, or moderate them when they are no longer avoidable.

They hold also that there are good Spirits of a lower degree, who have their particular departments, in which they are constantly contributing to the happiness of mortals. These they suppose to preside over all the extraordinary productions of Nature, such as those lakes, rivers, and mountains that are of an uncommon magnitude; and likewise the beasts, birds, fishes, and even vegetables or stones that exceed the rest of their species in size or singularity.—CLARKE'S Travels among the Indians.

The supreme Spirit of good is called by the Indians Kitchi Manitou; and the Spirit of evil Matchi Manitou.

Stanza 19. 1. 2.  
*Feverbalm and sweet sagamité.*

The feverbalm is a medicine used by these tribes; it is a decoction of a bush called the Fever-tree. Sagamité is a kind of soup administered to their sick.

Stanza 20. 1. 1.  
*And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush'd  
With this lorn dove.—*

The testimony of all travellers among the American Indians, who mention their hieroglyphics, authorises me in putting this figurative language in the mouth of Outalissi. The dove is among them, as elsewhere, an emblem of meekness; and the

eagle, that of a bold, noble, and liberal mind. When the Indians speak of a warrior who soars above the multitude in person and endowments, they say, "he is like the eagle who destroys his enemies, and gives protection and abundance to the weak of his own tribe;"

Stanza 23. l. 2. *Far differently the mute Oneyda took, &c.*

They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action; nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy to their enemies which is rooted in every Indian's breast. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms as though he were in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day, and having his answer with the same indifference, tells him that he has been informed that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going. This hint proves sufficient, and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to show the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with; but on being invited in, sits contentedly down and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed and

he was perfectly at ease. He does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

If you tell an Indian that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion; his answer generally is—"they have done well;" and makes but very little inquiry about the matter; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints: he only replies, "it is unfortunate;"—and for some time asks no questions about how it happened.—LEWIS and CLARKE'S Travels.

Stanza 23. l. 3.

*His calumet of peace, &c.*

Nor is the calumet of less importance or less revered than the wampum in many transactions relative both to peace and war. The bowl of this pipe is made of a kind of soft red stone, which is easily wrought and hollowed out; the stem is of cane, elder, or some kind of light wood, painted with different colours, and decorated with the heads, tails, and feathers of the most beautiful birds. The use of the calumet is to smoke either tobacco or some bark, leaf, or herb, which they often use instead of it, when they enter into an alliance or any serious occasion or solemn engagements; this being among them the most sacred oath that can be taken, the violation of which is esteemed most infamous, and

deserving of severe punishment from Heaven. When they treat of war, the whole pipe and all its ornaments are red: sometimes it is red only on one side, and by the disposition of the feathers, &c. one acquainted with their customs will know at first sight what the nation who presents it intends or desires. Smoking the calumet is also a religious ceremony on some occasions, and in all treaties is considered as a witness between the parties, or rather as an instrument by which they invoke the sun and moon to witness their sincerity, and to be as it were a guarantee of the treaty between them. This custom of the Indians, though to appearance somewhat ridiculous, is not without its reasons; for as they find that smoking tends to disperse the vapours of the brain, to raise the spirits, and to qualify them for thinking and judging properly, they introduced it into their councils, where, after their resolves, the pipe was considered as a seal of their decrees; and, as a pledge of their performance thereof, it was sent to those they were consulting, in alliance or treaty with;—so that smoking among them at the same pipe, is equivalent to our drinking together and out of the same cup.—Major ROGERS's Account of North America, 1766.

The lighted calumet is also used among them for a purpose still more interesting than the expression of social friendship. The austere manners of the Indians forbid any appearance of gallantry between the sexes in day-time; but at night the young lover goes a calumetting, as his courtship is called. As these people live in a state of equality, and without fear of internal violence or theft in their own tribes;

they leave their doors open by night as well as by day. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the cabin of his mistress, and gently presents it to her. If she extinguishes it, she admits his addresses; but if she suffer it to burn unnoticed, he retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart.—**ASHE'S Travels.**

Stanza 23. l. 6.

*Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier.*

An Indian child, as soon as he is born, is swathed with clothes, or skins, and being laid on its back, is bound down on a piece of thick board, spread over with soft moss. The board is somewhat larger and broader than the child, and bent pieces of wood, like pieces of hoops, are placed over its face to protect it; so that if the machine were suffered to fall, the child probably would not be injured. When the women have any business to transact at home they hang the board on a tree, if there be one at hand, and set them a swinging from side to side, like a pendulum, in order to exercise the children.—**WELD, Vol. II. p. 246.**

Stanza 23. l. 7.

*The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook  
Impassive—*

Of the active as well as the passive fortitude of the Indian character, the following is an instance related by Adair in his travels.

A party of the Seneca Indians came to war against the Katahba, bitter enemies to each other.—In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter, hunting in their

usual light dress: on his perceiving them, he sprung off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was so extremely swift and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph; but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children when they met him at their several towns beat and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice, and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture.—It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather, with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishment on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharp torments for which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings.—Probably this would have been the case with the major part of white people under similar circumstances; but I never knew this with any of the Indians: and this cool-headed, brave warrior did not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies:—



for when they were taking him, unpinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprung off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath till he reached the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank, but though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running, very like blood hounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favours they had done, and intended to do him.—After slapping a part of his body, in defiance to them (continues the author,) he put up the shrill war-whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies.—He continued his speed, so as to run by about midnight of the same day as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching:—There he rested, till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him:—he lay hid a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every circumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism.—He was naked, torn and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him;—but there was now every thing to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honour and sweet revenge by cutting them off. Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object

of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly crept, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot—clothed himself, took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, only when he reclined, as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had killed seven of his enemies, and was taken by them for the fiery torture.—He digged them up—burnt their bodies to ashes, and went home in safety with singular triumph.—Other pursuing enemies came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war council they concluded, that as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captivated, and since that in his naked condition, and now was well armed, if they continued the pursuit he would spoil them all, for he surely was an enemy wizard,—and therefore they returned home.—ADAIR's General Observations on the American Indians, p. 394.

It is surprising, says the same author, to see the long continued speed of the Indians.—Though some of us have often ran the swiftest of them out of sight for about the distance of twelve miles, yet afterwards, without any seeming toil, they would stretch on—leave us out of sight, and outwind any horse.—Ibid. p. 318.

If an Indian were driven out into the extensive woods, with only a knife and a tomahawk, or a

small hatchet, it is not to be doubted but he would fatten even where a wolf would starve.—He would soon collect fire by rubbing two dry pieces of wood together, make a bark hut, earthen vessels, and a bow and arrows; then kill wild game, fish, fresh water tortoises, gather a plentiful variety of vegetables, and live in affluence.—Ibid. p. 410.

Stanza 25. l. 1.

*Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land  
Shouldst thou the spirit of thy mother greet.*

There is nothing (says Charlevoix) in which these barbarians carry their superstitions farther, than in what regards dreams; but they vary greatly in their manner of explaining themselves on this point. Sometimes it is the reasonable soul which ranges abroad, while the sensitive continues to animate the body. Sometimes it is the familiar genius who gives salutary counsel with respect to what is going to happen. Sometimes it is a visit made by the soul of the object of which he dreams. But in whatever manner the dream is conceived, it is always looked upon as a thing sacred, and as the most ordinary way in which the gods make known their will to men.

Filled with this idea, they cannot conceive how we should pay no regard to them. For the most part they look upon them either as a desire of the soul, inspired by some genius, or an order from him, and in consequence of this principle they hold it a religious duty to obey them. An Indian having dreamt of having a finger cut off, had it really cut off as soon as he awoke, having first prepared himself for this important action by a feast.—Another having dreamt of being a prisoner, and in the hands

of his enemies, was much at a loss what to do. He consulted the jugglers, and by their advice caused himself to be tied to a post, and burnt in several parts of the body.—Charlevoix, *Journal of a voyage to North America*.

Stanza 26. l. 5.

*The crocodile, the condor of the rock—*

The alligator, or American crocodile, when full grown (says Bartram) is a very large and terrible creature, and of prodigious strength, activity, and swiftness in the water.—I have seen them twenty feet in length, and some are supposed to be twenty-two or twenty-three feet in length. Their body is as large as that of a horse, their shape usually resembles that of a lizard, which is flat, or cuneiform, being compressed on each side, and gradually diminishing from the abdomen to the extremity, which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates, or squamæ, impenetrable when on the body of the live animal, even to a rifle ball, except about their head, and just behind their fore-legs or arms, where, it is said, they are only vulnerable. The head of a full grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the same length. Their eyes are small in proportion, and seem sunk in the head by means of the prominency of the brows; the nostrils are large, inflated, and prominent on the top, so that the head on the water resembles, at a distance, a great chunk of wood floating about: only the upper jaw moves, which they raise almost perpendicular, so as to form a right angle with the lower one. In the fore part of the upper jaw, on each side, just under the nostrils, are two very

large, thick, strong teeth, or tusks, not very sharp, but rather the shape of a cone: these are as white as the finest polished ivory, and are not covered by any skin or lips, but always in sight, which gives the creature a frightful appearance; in the lower jaw are holes opposite to these teeth to receive them; when they clap their jaws together, it causes a surprising noise, like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank with violence upon the ground, and may be heard at a great distance.—But what is yet more surprising to a stranger is the incredibly loud and terrifying roar which they are capable of making, especially in breeding time. It most resembles very heavy distant thunder, not only shaking the air and waters, but causing the earth to tremble; and when hundreds are roaring at the same time, you can scarcely be persuaded but that the whole globe is violently and dangerously agitated—An old champion, who is, perhaps, absolute sovereign of a little lake or lagoon, (when fifty less than himself are obliged to content themselves with swelling and roaring in little coves round about) darts forth from the reedy coverts, all at once, on the surface of the waters in a right line, at first seemingly as rapid as lightning, but gradually more slowly, until he arrives at the centre of the lake, where he stops. He now swells himself, by drawing in wind and water through his mouth, which causes a loud sonorous rattling in the throat for near a minute; but it is immediately forced out again through his mouth and nostrils with a loud noise, brandishing his tail in the air, and the vapour running from his nostrils like smoke.—At other times, when swoln to an extent ready to

burst, his head and tail lifted up, he spins or twirls round on the surface of the water. He acts his part like an Indian chief, when rehearsing his feats of war.—BARTRAM'S Travels in North America.

Stanza 28. l. 4.

*Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man.*

They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquire, with the greatest readiness, any thing that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections, to which Americans are strangers.—For instance, they will cross a forest, or a plain, which is two hundred miles in breadth, so as to reach with great exactness, the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping, during the whole of that space, in a direct line, without any material deviations: and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy.—With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass; and on this account it is with great difficulty they escape discovery.—They are indebted for these talents not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual qualities, which can only be acquired by an unremitted attention, and by long experience.—They are in general very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in council, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of treaties they have concluded with

the neighbouring tribes for ages back, to which they will appeal and refer with as much perspicuity and readiness as Europeans can to their written records.

The Indians are totally unskilled in geography, as well as all the other sciences, and yet they draw on their birch bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with.—The latitude and longitude only are wanting to make them tolerably complete.

Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the polar star, by which they regulate their course when they travel in the night.

They reckon the distance of places not by miles or leagues, but by a day's journey, which, according to the best calculation I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide into halves and quarters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness by the hieroglyphics just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war-parties, or their most distant hunting excursions.—CLARKE's and LEWIS's Travels.

Some of the French missionaries have supposed that the Indians are guided by instinct, and have pretended that the Indian children can find their way through a forest as easily as a person of maturer years; but this is a most absurd notion. It is unquestionably by a close attention to the growth of the trees, and position of the sun, that they find their way. On the northern side of a tree there is generally the most moss; and the bark on that side, in general, differs from that on the opposite one. The branches towards the south are, for the most

part, more luxuriant than those on the other sides of trees, and several other distinctions also subsist between the northern and southern sides, conspicuous to Indians, being taught from their infancy to attend to them, which a common observer would, perhaps, never notice. Being accustomed from their infancy likewise to pay great attention to the position of the sun, they learn to make the most accurate allowance for its apparent motion from one part of the heavens to another; and in every part of the day they will point to the part of the heavens where it is, although the sky be obscured by clouds or mists.

An instance of their dexterity in finding their way through an unknown country came under my observation when I was at Staunton, situated behind the Blue Mountains, Virginia. A number of the Creek nation had arrived at that town on their way to Philadelphia, whither they were going upon some affairs of importance, and had stopped there for the night. In the morning some circumstance or another, which could not be learned, induced one half of the Indians to set off without their companions, who did not follow until some hours afterwards. When these last were ready to pursue their journey, several of the towns-people mounted their horses to escort them part of the way. They proceeded along the high road for some miles, but, all at once, hastily turning aside into the woods, though there was no path, the Indians advanced confidently forward. The people who accompanied them, surprised at this movement, informed them that they were quitting the road to Philadelphia, and expressed their fear lest they should miss their



companions who had gone on before. They answered that they knew better, that the way through the woods was the shortest to Philadelphia, and that they knew very well that their companions had entered the wood at the very place where they did. Curiosity led some of the horsemen to go on; and, to their astonishment, for there was apparently no track, they overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the wood. But what appeared most singular was, that the route which they took was found, on examining a map, to be as direct for Philadelphia as if they had taken the bearings by a mariner's compass. From others of their nation, who had been at Philadelphia at a former period, they had probably learned the exact direction of that city from their villages, and had never lost sight of it, although they had already travelled three hundred miles through the woods, and had upwards of four hundred miles more to go before they could reach the place of their destination. Of the exactness with which they can find out a strange place to which they have been once directed by their own people, a striking example is furnished, I think, by Mr. Jefferson, in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia. These graves are nothing more than large mounds of earth in the woods, which, on being opened, are found to contain skeletons in an erect posture: the Indian mode of sepulture has been too often described to remain unknown to you. But to come to my story. A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the seaports on the Atlantic, just as the Creeks, above mentioned, were going to Philadelphia, were observed, all on a sudden, to quit the straight road by which

they were proceeding, and without asking any questions, to strike through the woods, in a direct line, to one of these graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia, in which this grave was situated, had been inhabited by Indians, and these Indian travellers, who were to visit it by themselves, had unquestionably never been in that part of the country before: they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation, that had been handed down to them by tradition.—

**WELD's Travels in North America, vol. II.**

# NOTES

ON

## Gertrude of Wyoming.

### PART III.

Stanza 16. l. 4.

*The Mammoth comes.*

THAT I am justified in making the Indian chief allude to the mammoth as an emblem of terror and destruction, will be seen by the authority quoted below. Speaking of the mammoth, or big buffalo, Mr. Jefferson states, that a tradition is preserved among the Indians of that animal still existing in the northern parts of America.

"A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia during the revolution, on matters of business, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and, among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Saltlicks, on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him, that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Bick-bone-licks and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and

other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain on a rock, of which his seat, and the prints of his feet, are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered except the big bull, who presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but, missing one at length, it wounded him in the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day."—JEFFERSON'S Notes on Virginia.

Stanza 17. l. 1.

*Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,  
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth.*

This Brandt was a warrior of the Mohawk nation, who was engaged to allure by bribes, or to force by threats, many Indian tribes to the expedition against Pennsylvania. His blood, I believe, was not purely Indian, but half German. He disgraced, however, his European descent by more than savage ferocity. Among many anecdotes which are given of him, the following is extracted from a traveller in America, already quoted. "With a considerable body of his troops he joined the troops under the command of Sir John Johnson. A skirmish took place with a body of American troops; the action was warm, and Brandt was shot by a musket ball in his heel, but the Americans, in the end were defeated, and an officer,

with sixty men, were taken prisoners. The officer, after having delivered up his sword, had entered into conversation with Sir John Johnson, who commanded the British troops, and they were talking together in the most friendly manner, when Brandt, having stolen slyly behind them, laid the American officer low with a blow of his tomahawk. The indignation of Sir John Johnson, as may be readily supposed, was roused by such an act of treachery, and he resented it in the warmest terms. Brandt listened to him unconcernedly, and when he had finished, told him, that he was sorry for his displeasure, but that, indeed, his heel was extremely painful at the moment, and he could not help revenging himself on the only chief of the party that he saw taken. Since he had killed the officer, he added, his heel was much less painful to him than it had been before."—WELD'S Travels, vol. II. p. 297.

Stanza 17. l. 8 and 9.

*To whom, nor relative nor blood remains,  
No, not a kindred drop that runs in human veins.*

Every one who recollects the specimen of Indian eloquence given in the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to the governor of Virginia, will perceive that I have attempted to paraphrase its concluding and most striking expression—There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. The similar salutations of the fictitious personage in my story, and the real Indian orator, make it surely allowable to borrow such an expression; and if it appears, as it cannot but appear, to less advantage than in the original, I beg the reader to reflect how

difficult it is to transpose such exquisitely simple words, without sacrificing a portion of their effect.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance. Unfortunately, a canoe with women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore unarmed, and unsuspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend of the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance; he accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the great Kanaway, in which the collected force of the Shawanees, Mingoes, and Delawares, were defeated by a detachment of the Virginian militia. The Indians sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the supplicants; but lest the sincerity of the treaty should be distrusted from which so distinguished a chief abstracted himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech to be delivered to lord Dunmore. "I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat;

if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, and advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I had even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap the last spring, in cold blood, murdered all the relations of Logan, even my women and children.

“There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature.—This called on me for revenge.—I have fought for it—I have killed many.—I have fully glutted my vengeance.—For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace—but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear.—Logan never felt fear.—He will not turn on his heel to save his life.—Who is there to mourn for Logan? not one!”—JEFFERSON’S Notes on Virginia.

# NOTES

ON

## O'Connor's Child.

Verse 2. l. 9.

*Kerne*, the plural of *Kern*, an Irish foot soldier. In this sense the word is used by Shakspeare. Gainsford in his *Glory's of England*, says, "They (the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their *kerne* think no man dead *until his head be off*."

Verse 4. l. 2.

*In Erin's yellow vesture clad.*

Yellow dyed from saffron, was the favourite colour of the ancient Irish, as it was among the Belgic Gauls; a circumstance which favours the supposition of those who deduce the origin of the former from the latter people. The Irish chieftains who came to treat with queen Elizabeth's lord lieutenant, appeared as we are told by Sir John Davies, in saffron coloured uniform.

Verse 6. l. 13 and 14.

*Their tribe, they said, their high degree,  
Was sung in Tara's psaltery.*

The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so great, that one of the O'Neals being told that Barrett of Castlemone had been there only 400 years, he replied,—that he hated the clown as if he had come there but yesterday.



Tara was the place of assemblage and feasting of the petty princes of Ireland. Very splendid and fabulous descriptions are given by the Irish historians of the pomp and luxury of those meetings. The psalter of Tara was the grand national register of Ireland. The grand epoch of political eminence in the early history of the Irish is the reign of their great and favourite monarch Ollam Fodlah, who reigned, according to Keating, about 950 years before the Christian era. Under him was instituted the great Fes at Tara, which it is pretended was a triennial convention of the states; or a parliament; the members of which were the Druids, and other learned men, who represented the people in that assembly. Very minute accounts are given by Irish annalists of the magnificence and order of these entertainments; from which, if credible, we might collect the earliest traces of heraldry that occur in history. To preserve order and regularity in the great number and variety of the members who met on such occasions, the Irish historians inform us that when the banquet was ready to be served up, the shield-bearers of the princes, and other members of the convention, delivered in their shields and targets, which were readily distinguished by the coats of arms emblazoned upon them. These were arranged by the grand marshal and principal herald, and hung upon the walls on the right side of the table; and upon entering the apartments, each member took his seat under his respective shield or target, without the slightest disturbance. The concluding days of the meeting, it is allowed by the Irish antiquarians, were spent in very free excess of conviviality; but

the first six, they say, were devoted to the examination and settlement of the annals of the kingdom. These were publicly rehearsed. When they had passed the approbation of the assembly, they were transcribed into the authentic chronicles of the nation, which was called the Register, or Psalter of Tara.

Col. Valency gives a translation of an old Irish fragment, found in Trinity college, Dublin, in which the palace of the above assembly is thus described, as it existed in the reign of Cormac.

“In the reign of Cormac, the Palace of Tara was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven dice or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments; one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping rooms for guards, and sixty men in each: the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking horns, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers, modellers, and nobles. The Irish description of the banqueting-hall is thus translated: twelve stalls or divisions in each wing; sixteen attendants on each side, and two to each table; one hundred guests in all.”

Verse 7. l. 3.

*Ie fought the English of the pale.*

The English pale generally meant Louth in Ulster, and Meath, Dublin, and Kildare in Leinster.

Molineaux Hist. of Ireland.

## Verse 7. l. 4.

*And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry.*

The house of O'Connor had a right to boast of their victories over the English. It was a chief of the O'Connor race who gave a check to the English Champion, De Courcey, so famous for his personal strength, and for cleaving a helmet at one blow of his sword, in the presence of the kings of France and England, when the French champion declined the combat with him. Though ultimately conquered by the English under De Bourgo, the O'Connors had also humbled the pride of that name on a memorable occasion: viz. when Walter De Bourgo, an ancestor of that De Bourgo who won the battle of Athunree, had become so insolent as to make excessive demands upon the territories of Connaught, and to bid defiance to all the rights and properties reserved by the Irish chiefs. Aeth O'Connor, a near descendant of the famous Cathal, surnamed of the Bloody Hand, rose against the usurper, and defeated the English so severely, that their general died of chagrin after the battle.

## Verse 7. l. 7.

*Or Beal fires for your jubilee.*

The month of May is to this day called *Mi Beal tiennie*, i. e. the month of Beal's fire, in the original language of Ireland. These fires were lighted on the summits of mountains (the Irish antiquaries say) in honour of the sun; and are supposed, by those conjecturing gentlemen, to prove the origin of the Irish from some nation who worshipped Baal or Belus. Many hills in Ireland still retain the name of *Cnoc Greine*, i. e. the hill of the sun; and on all are to be seen the ruins of druidical altars.

Verse 8. l. 11.

*And play my Clarshech by thy side.*

The clarshech, or harp, the principal musical instrument of the Hibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the British islands.—The Britons undoubtedly were not acquainted with it during the residence of the Romans in their country, as in all their coins, on which musical instruments are represented, we see only the Roman lyre, and not the British teylin or harp.

Verse 9. l. 3.

*And saw at dawn the lofty bawn.*

Daingean is a Celtic word expressing a close fast place and afterwards a fort. This the English called a Bawn, from the Teutonic *bawen*, to construct and secure with branches of trees. The Daingean was the primitive Celtic fortification; which was made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, which were interlaced with boughs of trees.—An extempore defence used by all nations, and particularly by the Romans.

Non te fossa patens

Objectu sudium coronat agger.

In this manner the first English adventurers secured their posts at Ferns and Idrone. When King Denno entered Ossory, he found that Donald its toasarch had *plashed a pace*, i. e. made large and deep trenches with hedges upon them. Four hundred years afterwards, the Irish had the same mode of defence. Within half a mile of the entrance of

the Molry, the English found that *pace* by which they were to pass, being naturally one of the most difficult passages in Ireland, fortified with good art and admirable industry. The enemy having raised from mountain to mountain, from wood to wood, and from bog to bog, traverses with huge and high flankers of great stones, mingled with turf and stacked down on both sides, with palisades wattled. *Plashing* from the Franco-gallic *plessier*, is to entwine, and is equivalent to the Teutonic *bawen*.

Ledwick's Antiquities of Ireland.

Verse 13. l. 16.

*To speak the malison of Heaven.*

If the wrath which I have ascribed to the heroine of this little piece should seem to exhibit her character as too unnaturally stript of patriotic and domestic affections, I must beg leave to plead the authority of Corneille in the representation of a similar passion: I allude to the denunciation of Camille in the tragedy of Horace. When Horace, accompanied by a soldier bearing the three swords of the Curiatii, meets his sister, and invites her to congratulate him on his victory, she expresses only her grief, which he attributes at first only to her feelings for the loss of her two brothers; but when she bursts forth into reproaches against him as the murderer of her lover, the last of the Curiatii, he exclaims:

“ O Ciel, qui vit jamais une pareille rage,  
Crois tu donc que je suis insensible à l'outrage  
Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel deshonneur;  
Aime, Aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur,  
Et préfère du moins au souvenir d'un homme  
Ce que doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome.”

At the mention of Rome, Camille breaks out into this apostrophe:

“Rome, l’unique objet de mon ressentiment!  
 Rome, à qui vient ton bras d’immoler mon amant!  
 Rome, qui t’a vu naître et que ton cœur adore!  
 Rome enfin que je hais, parcequ’elle t’honore!  
 Puissent tous ses voisins, ensemble conjurés,  
 Sapper ses fondemens encore mal assurés;  
 Et, si ce n’est assez de toute l’Italie,  
 Que l’Orient, contre elle, à l’Occident s’allie;  
 Que cent peuples unis, des bouts de l’Univers  
 Passent, pour la détruire, et les monts et les mers:  
 Qu’elle-même sur soi renverse ses murailles,  
 Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles;  
 Que le courroux du Ciel, allumé par mes vœux,  
 Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux!  
 Puissai-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,  
 Voir ses maisons en cendre, et tes lauriers en  
 poudre.

Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,  
 Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir!”

Verse 14. l. 5.

*And go to Athunree, I cried—*

In the reign of Edward the second, the Irish presented to Pope John the Twenty-second a memorial of their sufferings under the English, of which the language exhibits all the strength of despair.—“Ever since the English (say they) first  
 “appeared upon our coasts, they entered our terri-  
 “tories under a certain specious pretence of chari-  
 “ty, and external hypocritical show of religion, en-  
 “deavouring at the same time, by every artifice  
 “malice, could suggest, to extirpate us root and

“branch, and without any other right than that of  
 “the strongest, they have so far succeeded by base  
 “fraudulence and cunning, that they have forced  
 “us to quit our fair and ample habitations and in-  
 “heritances, and to take refuge like wild beasts in  
 “the mountains, the woods, and the morasses of  
 “the country;—nor even can the caverns and dens  
 “protect us against their insatiable avarice. They  
 “pursue us even into these frightful abodes; en-  
 “deavouring to dispossess us of the wild uncultiva-  
 “ted rocks, and arrogate to themselves the PRO-  
 “PERTY OF EVERY PLACE on which we can stamp  
 “the figure of our feet.”

The greatest effort ever made by the ancient  
 Irish to regain their native independence was made  
 at the time when they called over the brother of  
 Robert Bruce from Scotland.—William de Bourgo,  
 brother to the Earl of Ulster, and Richard de Bir-  
 mingham, were sent against the main body of the  
 native insurgents, who were headed rather than  
 commanded by Felim O'Connor.—The important  
 battle, which decided the subjection of Ireland,  
 took place on the 10th of August, 1315. It was the  
 bloodiest that ever was fought between the two na-  
 tions, and continued throughout the whole day,  
 from the rising to the setting sun. The Irish fought  
 with inferior discipline, but with great enthusiasm.  
 They lost ten thousand men, among whom were  
 twenty-nine chiefs of Connaught.—Tradition states  
 that after this terrible day, the O'Connor family,  
 like the Fabian, were so nearly exterminated, that  
 throughout all Connaught not one of the name re-  
 mained, except Felim's brother, who was capable  
 of bearing arms.

## NOTES

to

### Lochiel's Warning.

**LOCHIEL**, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked, the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the gentle Lochiel, for he was famed for his social virtues as much as his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honour overruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale, Lochiel went to meet him, but, on his way, called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassafarn), and told him on what errand he was going; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the prince from his enterprise. Fassa-



fern advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. "No," said Lochiel, "I think it due to my prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard." "Brother," replied Fassafern, "I know you better than you know yourself; if the prince once sets his eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases." The interview accordingly took place, and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherents; or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, "that he was determined to put all to the hazard." "In a few days," said he, "I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who by my father has often told me he was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince." "No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."

The other chieftains who followed Charles embraced his cause with no better hopes. It engages our sympathy most strongly in their behalf, that no motive, but their fear to be reproached with

cowardice or disloyalty, impelled them to the hopeless adventure. Of this we have an example in the interview of prince Charles with Clanronald, another leading chieftain in the rebel army.

"Charles," says Home, "almost reduced to despair, in his discourse with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and, summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused, and told him that to take up arms without concert or support was to pull down certain ruin on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued, and implored. During this conversation (they were on shipboard) the parties walked backwards and forwards on the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the ship to enquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the prince of Wales; when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their prince, his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and turning briskly to him, called out, "Will you assist me?" "I will, I will," said Ronald, "though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!" Charles, with a profusion of thanks to his champion, said, he wished all the Highlanders were like him. Without farther deliberation the two Macdonalds declar-

ed that they would also join, and use their utmost endeavours to engage their countrymen to take arms."—HOME's Hist. Rebellion, p. 40.

Page 149, l 17 and 18.

*Lo! anointed by heav'n with the vials of wrath,  
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!*

The lines allude to the many hardships of the royal sufferer.

An account of the second sight, in Irish called *Taish*, is thus given in Martin's description of the Western Isles of Scotland. "The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person who sees it, for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of any thing else except the vision as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial according to the object which was represented to them.

"At the sight of the vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are standing by when the persons happen to see a vision; and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

"There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision the inner parts of his eyelids turn so far upwards, that after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs others to draw them down, which he finds to be the easier way.

"This faculty of the second sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some have imagined;

for I know several parents who are endowed with it, and their children are not: and vice versa. Neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And after strict inquiry, I could never learn from any among them, that this faculty was communicable to any whatsoever. The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstances is by observation; for several persons of judgment who are without this faculty are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

“If an object is seen early in the morning, which is not frequent, it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards; if at noon, it will probably be accomplished that very day; if in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night: the latter always an accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of the night the vision is seen.

“When a shroud is seen about one, it is a sure prognostic of death. The time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is not seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer: and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience

confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the person of whom the observations were then made was in perfect health.

“It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees, in places void of all these, and this in process of time is wont to be accomplished; as at Mogslot, in the isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry low houses thatched with straw; yet in a few years the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished by the building of several good houses in the very spot represented to the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

“To see a spark of fire is a forerunner of a dead child, to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several instances. To see a seat empty at the time of sitting in it, is a presage of that person’s death quickly after it.

“When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

“Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse, which they carry along with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the vision that appeared. If there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers; but they know nothing concerning the corpse.”

Horses and cows (according to the same credulous author) have certainly sometimes the same faculty; and he endeavours to prove it by the signs of fear which the animals exhibit, when second-sighted persons see visions in the same place.

"The seers (he continues) are generally illiterate and well meaning people, and altogether void of design: nor could I ever learn that any of them ever made the least gain by it; neither is it reputable among them to have that faculty. Besides, the people of the isles are not so credulous as to believe implicitly before the thing predicted is accomplished; but when it is actually accomplished afterwards, it is not in their power to deny it, without offering violence to their own sense and reason. Besides, if the seers were deceivers, can it be reasonable to imagine that all the islanders who have not the second sight should combine together, and offer violence to their understandings and senses, to enforce themselves to believe a lie from age to age. There are several persons among them whose title and education raise them above the suspicion of concurring with an impostor, merely to gratify an illiterate, contemptible set of persons; nor can reasonable persons believe that children, horses, and cows, should be pre-engaged in a combination in favour of the second sight."—MARTIN'S Description of the Western Islands of Scotland, p. 3, 11.

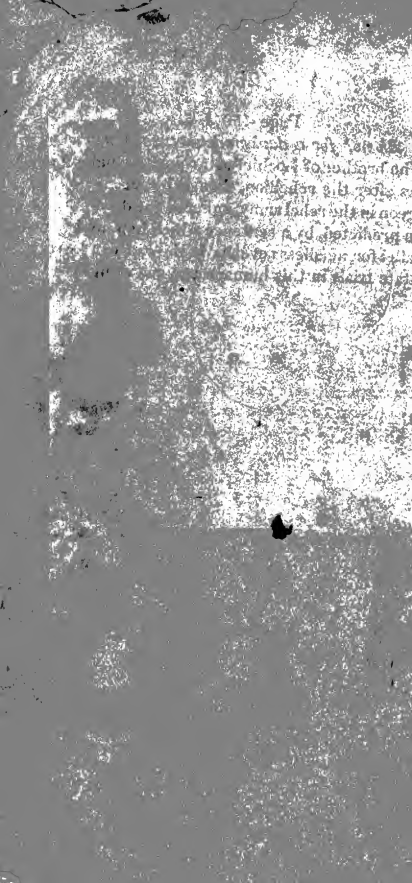
Page 150, l. 4. *Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?*

An English historian after enumerating the severe execution of the Highland rebels at Culloden, Carlisle, and other places, concludes by informing us that many thousands experienced his majesty's mercy, in being transported for life to the plantations.

Page 150, l. 5.

*Ah no! for a darker departure is near.*

The brother of Lochiel returning to England ten years after the rebellion, though he acted only as a surgeon in the rebel army, suffered the dreadful fate here predicted, by a sentence which happily has no parallel for needless severity in the modern history of state trials in this humane age and country.







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